

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB 1, 1881

NINETEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1899.

NO. 9

HEMP SEED.

Those farmers expecting to grow hemp this season will find it to their interest to write me before purchasing their seed. I have on hand Cultivated Hemp Seed grown from seed imported from China in 1893.

W. J. LOUGHRIDGE,
(Jan-2mo) LEXINGTON, KY.

G. N. PARRIS,

Dealer in
Groceries and Fruits,
MAIN STREET

Opposite Express Office.

No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.



PEEBLES' NAME

On a Box of Candy carries with it a guarantee of absolute purity. Money can not buy any higher grade ingredients than are used in its manufacture, and that is why Peebles' Candy is always wholesome.

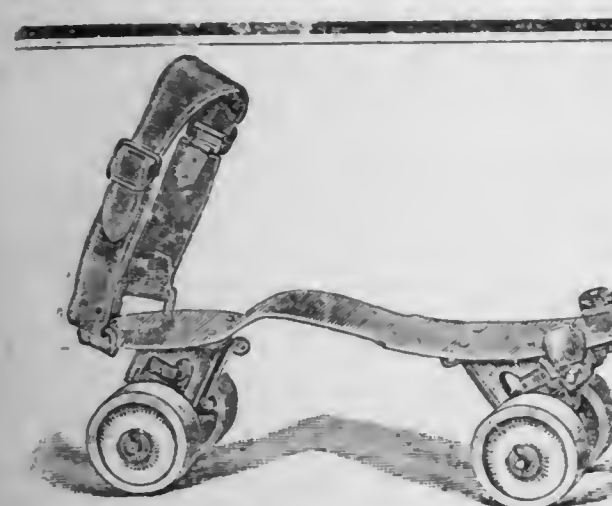
Agents are supplied daily fresh from the factory, and that is why Peebles' Candy is more delicious than that of others.

Although superior in every way, the prices for Peebles' Candy are no higher than others. Agents for Allegretti & Rubel's delicious Chocolate Creams. A full line may always be found.

The Joseph R. Peebles' Sons Co.
JOSEPH S. PEEBLES, Pres't.
Cincinnati, O.
Established 1840.

The teachings of 60 years experience as to all that is best in the line of Entables, Drinkables and Snackables is summed up in a 60 page price list. Sent free. Write for it.

"We desire to establish Agencies for Lyteburn Fruit Cake, 1 lb. tins. A great winner."



M. C. HENLEY'S
CELEBRATED

Roller Skates!

Not a "CYCLE SKATE," or an experiment, but the only practical scientific RINK SKATE on the market. Over two millions of HENLEY'S SKATES sold in this and other countries.

N. C. FISHER,
Attorney-At-Law.
Paris, Kentucky.

Office on Broadway, up-stairs, 2 doors West of BOURBON NEWS.
Phone 58.

FOR SALE.

A first-class, power Grinding Mill, standard make, will grind 60 to 75 barrels of ear corn per day, with 10-horse power. Will sell cheap.
R. P. BARNETT.

The very best companies compose my agency, which insures against fire, wind and storm.
Non-union.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Hoarseness Sore Throat

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FANCY California evaporated fruits.
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Mrs. W. M. Miller and Lizzie Wall Allen are on the sick list.

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Miss Josephine Dorsey is the guest of Miss Julia Miller, near town.

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Low prices on candies for entertainments. Cheap but pure.
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Don't use any other but Purity flour from Paris Milling Co.—tell your grocer you want no other. All grocers keep it.

Attention!

Parties wanting photos in Grinnan's gallery should come and have sittings made at once, as the building we occupy will be torn away about the middle of February. Persons wanting old negatives can get same cheap, as I will dispose of them all.
L. GRINNAN.

THREE houses for rent or sale. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Wilcox, Paris, Ky. (3f)

H. S. STOUT, Manager, is selling his entire stock of gents' furnishings, etc., at cost.
(2f)

Men's and Boys' overcoats at cost. Come and see for yourselves at Price & Co's, clothiers. We need the cash.

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BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness; pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eighth day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do you. Druggists sell it at \$1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women."
THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

I sure agency union. Prompt-pay reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.
W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Tornadoes And Cyclones.

LOOKOUT, these windstorms will sweep your farm property off the face of the earth, and you will lose it all unless you have a policy in the old and tried Glen Falls of New York—\$1,000 insurance for five years will only cost you \$10. Tobacco barns a specialty.
(Jnov-1f) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

Coughed 30 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Russell, Grantsburg, Ill.

Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases, and hence the most difficult to get rid of. There is but one way to cure it. The disease is in the blood, and all the sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only remedy which can reach the disease and force it from the blood.

Mr. B. P. McAllister, of Harrodsburg, Ky., had Catarrh for years. He writes: "I could see no improvement whatever, though I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, and different inhaling remedies. In fact, I could feel that each winter I was worse than the year previous. Finally it was brought to my notice that Catarrh was a blood disease, and after thinking over the matter, I saw it was unreasonable to expect to be cured by remedies which only reached the surface. I then decided to try S. S. S., and after a few bottles were used, I noticed a perceptible improvement. Continuing the remedy, the disease was forced out of my system, and a complete cure was the result. I advise all who have this dreadful disease to abandon their local treatment, which has never done them any good, and take S. S. S., a remedy that can reach the disease and cure it."

To continue the wrong treatment for Catarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific is a real blood remedy, and cures obstinate, deep-seated diseases, which other remedies have no effect whatever upon. It promptly reaches Catarrh, and never fails to cure even the most aggravated cases.

S. S. S. For the Blood
Is Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no dangerous minerals.
Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

L. H. Landman, M. D.,
Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.,
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returning every second Tuesday in each month.
REFERENCE—Every leading physician Paris, Kentucky.

DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY

"Ring out the old Ring out the false Ring in the new Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the mucus-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLO BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS
Bottles Only 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 80 YEARS OLD, and never use any remedy except Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in gripes as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Redoubt, Ky.

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Position, by March 1st, as Superintendent on a Farm. Capable of attending to all business. First-class references.
Address,
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\$20.00 and upwards.

Fit and satisfaction guaranteed

Remodeling

Now is the time to have the out-of-style sleeves and ripple-backs of your last season's

Jackets

Remodeled to conform with this season's styles.
Also, re-lining cloaks, mantels, sacks, jackets, and all fur garments a specialty.
We have engaged a practical cutter and ladies' tailor from Chicago and have a full line of cloths to select from.

H. S. STOUT, Mgr.
FRANK TUMA, Ladies' Tailor.

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CURES INDIGESTION.

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2 to 4 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.
(Aug-1f)

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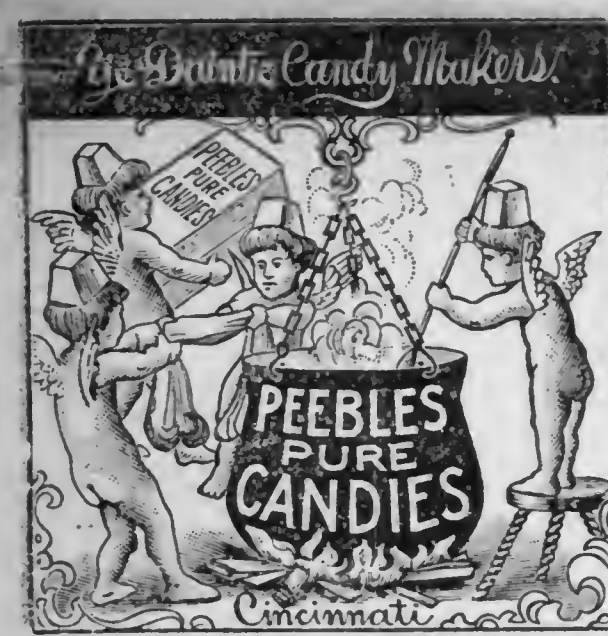
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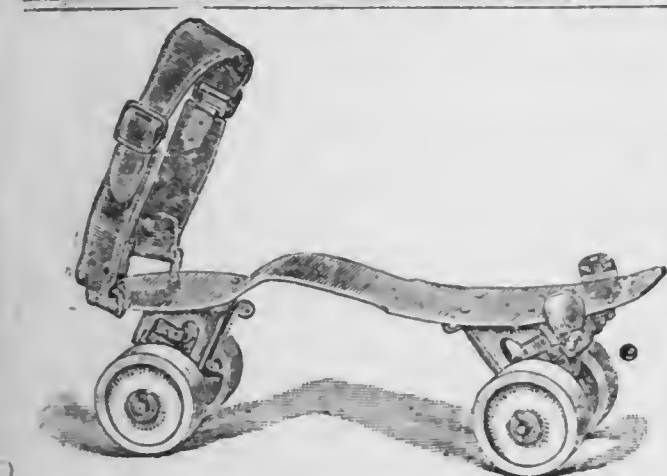
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SKATES, UNDRIES & SUPPLIES

"The Easiest and Lightest Running Skates on Earth."

Universally adopted when used in competition with any other skate—unrivaled. The leading rollerskate in the world.

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(300-15) T. PORTER SMITH, Agent.

Coughed 20 Years.

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CURES INDIGESTION.

DEFENSE BEGINS.

Tears Filled the Eyes of Gen. Eagan as He Testified in His Own Behalf.

"My Wife, My Children, Myself Disgraced," Said He—"I Was Burning Up Inside" When the Caustic Words Were Spoken.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—The Eagan court-martial resumed its session at the Ebbitt house at 10:10 Thursday morning.

Gen. Eagan had arrived three minutes before. He looked pale and troubled. His eye, better than anything else, showed the strain under which he is laboring.

After several witnesses for the defense had testified Gen. Eagan himself took the stand. He stated his age was 58; detailed his connection with the army and brought out the important features of his record. He was wounded in the Modoc war and breveted a captain for it. He became commissary general May 4. In his official capacity he has expended between \$10,000,000 and \$20,000,000. Of his testimony before the war board he said:

"I was summoned before the board and gave my testimony under oath—preferably so. I wanted to appear before the board to refute Gen. Miles' statement and was called in response to my request, but was not given as much time to make my statement as I had desired.

"I had had a conversation with Secretary Alger. I told him that I desired to meet those charges that I was a murderer and a thief, but was told that Gen. Miles, under the president's promise, could not be reached.

"The interview with Gen. Miles, published in New York, nearly drove me crazy."

Here the voice of the witness broke, and with difficulty he restrained his tears.

"I sought to ascertain whether the president's immunity extended to such an interview, as well as to Gen. Miles' statement before the board. The matter is still in the hands of the adjutant general.

"The effect on me of the words, 'pretense of experiment,' was that it took away my character."

Again the voice of the witness became husky.

"I felt that I would be better dead in the gutter than in this position," he continued. "My wife, my children, myself disgraced! I did not know what to do. The intimation was that I had poisoned soldiers under pretense of an experiment. I had no redress. I believed the honor of a soldier should no more be impugned than the virtue of a woman."

A tear coursed down the cheek of the witness. He restrained himself with difficulty. He then continued dramatically:

"I wanted to hurl back the charges so that men might believe me. I thought of no disrespect. I only wanted men to know me honest. I believe they know it now. Before God, on the honor of a man, never a cent from my office soiled my fingers. I have not money enough to-day," he said, turning to his attorney, "to pay you your fee."

"I could not eat, could not sleep. I could hardly restrain myself from doing what men did under such circumstances, when I was a boy. I went before the board feeling that I had to say something in such a way that the press and the people would believe me honest. I was burning up inside. The press had condemned me as corrupt, as a wholesale murderer for purposes of gain."

After a pause he continued: "That possessed my mind day and night. I had to get a little extension of time to complete my document. I was absorbed in vindicating myself. I was oblivious to all about me. I was talking to 70,000,000 people."

"I had been goaded and driven to death. I did not know until the document was returned to me that any objection had been made to any part of it. I then called in Col. Alexander and Col. Davis to help eliminate the matter complained of."

Attorney Worthington then stopped because of the absence of witnesses. Judge Advocate Davis was authorized to invite the secretary of war to appear Friday, and the court adjourned. It was evident that Eagan's testimony had made quite an impression. Wednesday they treated him formally; Thursday, at the conclusion of the court session, they pressed forward and a number shook him cordially by the hand.

Reward of \$10,000 Offered.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 27.—Senator Flinn said Thursday night that a reward of \$10,000 will be offered by the anti-Quayites for proofs of any corruption in connection with legislation.

Bezzine Trust Forming.

HAMBURG, Jan. 27.—About 30 of the leading producers of Germany, Belgium and Switzerland, representing a consumption of 35,000,000 kilos, are forming a benzine ring against the Standard Oil Co.

Will Not Uniform the Clerks.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—Postmaster Gordon Thursday withdrew his order issued several weeks ago, for the uniforming of all the clerks in the Chicago post office. The plan has been bitterly opposed by the postal clerks.

COURT-MARTIAL FINDINGS.

Commissary General Eagan Dismissed From the United States Service—No Recommendation For Clemency.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The case of Commissary General Chas. P. Eagan, charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and with conduct tending to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, is now in the hands of the court martial appointed to try him. Friday the taking of testimony was closed and arguments of counsel submitted. The trial lasted three days and consumed less than eight hours of actual sitting.

A session behind closed doors of an hour or so sufficed for the court to reach a conclusion and embody it in a report. What the verdict was is altogether a matter of speculation and, officially, at least, will not be made public by the trial board, military regulations requiring that its findings shall go through prescribed channels and be kept secret until action be had and promulgated by the proper reviewing authorities.

The attendance at the court-martial was much larger Friday than at any other time since the trial began and among the spectators was a score or more of ladies. Several of them were friends of Gen. Eagan's daughter, who was called as a witness, while others were attracted by curiosity. The testimony at the closing session of the court was directed largely to establishing the fact that the general had lost his mental balance as a result of the charges made against him by Gen. Miles. His daughter and her husband told of the general's changed condition and intimated that they had great fears that he might any time kill his accuser. Mr. McKee, a life-long friend, stated that at that time he believed him actually insane. The facts in this connection were brought out strongly by Mr. Worthington, in his efforts to show that Gen. Eagan at times was wholly irresponsible.

A dramatic incident of the trial Friday was the testimony of the general's daughter, in which she described her father's appearance on the day he first read Gen. Miles' statement. Standing in the door of his house with the newspaper containing the evidence in his hand, he had exclaimed wildly: "I have been crucified by Gen. Miles."

Throughout the three days of the trial the members of the court sat in their places and attentively listened to every word of the testimony. Only on two or three occasions did they ask the witnesses any questions, and then an answer of yes, sir, or no, sir, sufficed. Where their sympathies were, or what was passing in their minds, was not disclosed by even the slightest change of expression.

Immediately upon the case being closed the room was ordered cleared and the court went into executive session to deliberate upon their findings.

Dismissal from the military service of the United States without any recommendation for clemency is the verdict passed by the court-martial upon Commissary General Eagan for his recent virulent attack upon Maj. Gen. Miles. The verdict was reached within 45 minutes after the trial was ended Friday.

Notwithstanding the nature of the court's conclusions, the president can exercise clemency if he so desires and Gen. Eagan's friends will urge that his punishment be confined to relieving him from the duties of commissary general of subsistence and to a detail to garrison duty.

GEN. GEO. S. GREENE DEAD.

Distinguished Commander in the Civil War Passed Away at His Home in Morristown, N. J., Saturday Morning.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Gen. George S. Greene died of old age at Morristown, N. J., at 1 o'clock Saturday morning. He leaves three sons, Gen. Francis V. Greene, G. J. Greene, jr., and Maj. Charles T. Greene, U. S. A. retired. He was graduated at the United States Military academy at West Point in 1823.

He served in various garrisons and as instructor at West Point until 1836, when he left the army and became a civil engineer, building many railroads. He entered the army in 1862 as colonel of the 60th New York regiment and was appointed brigadier general of volunteers April 28, 1862. He participated in the battle of Gettysburg, and was dangerously wounded in the battle near Chattanooga, disabling him until January, 1865, when he rejoined Sherman's army in North Carolina and participated in the engagements preceding Johnston's surrender.

He was breveted major general of volunteers March 13, 1865 and retired from the army in 1866.

Morely's Biography of Gladstone.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—The Academy says John Morely has been paid the sum of £10,000 (\$50,000) for writing a biography of the late Wm. E. Gladstone, under whom Mr. Morely served twice as chief secretary of Ireland.

Chief Simon Pokagon Dead.

BENTON HARBOR, Mich., Jan. 28.—Old Simon Pokagon, the last chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, died Friday aged nearly 80. He and his family had been chiefs of the tribe for nearly a century.

RIGHT OF WAY.

Peace Treaty Will Be Debated in the Senate This Week and Disposed Of.

In the House a Vote Will Be Taken on the Army Bill Tuesday Afternoon—The River and Harbor and Military Academy Bills.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—The senate will devote practically all of the time this week to the consideration of the peace treaty. Senator Allison, chairman of the committee on appropriations, says he will not interfere at any time with the consideration of the treaty by asking to have appropriation bills taken up, and as a consequence the treaty will have complete right of way.

This week will see the close of the memorable debate, both in executive session and in open senate, as the vote is set for 3 o'clock a week from Monday. Notice has been given for set speeches for every day except Monday of the present week. Senator Berry will speak Tuesday, Senator Spooner Wednesday, Senator Rawlins Thursday, Senator Money Friday and Senator Chilton Saturday. These speeches will be based upon the various resolutions on the general question of expansion and will be delivered in open session. They will however be practically devoted to the treaty and will afford senators an opportunity to say openly what they would say in secret session if the resolutions were not under consideration. There will be an effort to get the speeches in before 2 o'clock each day in order to permit the closing of the doors at 2 o'clock in accordance with the unanimous agreement to that effect, when the treaty will be taken up formally and the executive consideration of the subject proceeded with.

The friends of the treaty are still most sanguine of success, and most of them announce that they will accept no compromise. Others express a willingness to accept some such resolution as that of Senator Sullivan. Those professing to know say it is the policy to force the treaty to a vote before taking action on any compromise proposition, and that if the treaty should by any chance be beaten, to move to reconsider and then to consider the question of accepting some compromise like the Bacon resolution before final adjournment in March. Almost a month of the session will be left after the vote of Monday week, so that, if the senate should prefer to accept the treaty with a resolution of construction and instruction to postponing action for an extra session, it could do so.

Interest centers in the army bill at the house of representatives during the early part of the week. The final vote will be taken at 3 p.m. Tuesday. Prior to this debate will be under the five minute rule in the main, although sufficient time has been reserved to give Mr. Bailey and some of the other leaders an opportunity for extended speeches.

Chairman Hull, of the military committee, is confident the bill will pass, saying that the republican disaffection will not exceed eight, while several affirmative votes will come from the democratic side. The opposition will direct its efforts towards having the bill recommitted.

With the army bill disposed of the house will turn its attention to the important river and harbor bill and then to the military academy appropriation bill. The river and harbor bill probably will have Wednesday two hours debate on a side.

The military academy bill is not likely to take more time than is required to read it through. No exact programme has been fixed for the rest of the week, but Chairman Mercer, of the committee on public buildings and grounds, has been pressing for a hearing on some of the public buildings bills now pending, and he is likely to get a day. Chairman Lacey also wants a day on public land questions.

The Hawaiian bill is the most important piece of general legislation which will be agreed to a hearing, although its friends may let it go over until next week.

Broke His Neck.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—George Brown, a farmer living at Norwood, L. I., broke his neck in jumping from a window in the house he occupied with his family, and which had taken fire while all were sleeping Saturday. Brown's wife and five children escaped uninjured.

Old Enough to Know Better.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 30.—Theodore Kirehner, aged 60 years, shot and instantly killed his wife, Paulina, aged 45 years, in their house at Newtonville, near this city Sunday by the careless handling of a gun which was accidentally discharged.

Guilt of Assault With a Deadly Weapon.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 30.—A. C. Bradley, the old soldier who shot Gov. Smith, of the Soldiers' home, at Santa Monica, has been found guilty of assault with a deadly weapon, but recommended to the mercy of the court.

Hat Manufacturers Combine.

DANBURY, Ct., Jan. 30.—The manufacturers of the lower priced derby hats have effected a combination to go into effect February 1. The firms represent practically all the large manufacturers of this class of goods.

NEW BRITISH WAR VESSELS.

The Number Now Building Is 119, Ranging From the Heaviest Battle Ships to Tiny Torpedo Boat Destroyers.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—The recorded number of British war ships now building amounts to 119 vessels, ranging from the heaviest battle ships to the tiny torpedo boat destroyers, the figures being 16 first-class ironclads, 36 cruisers, 14 sloops and gunboats, and 53 torpedo boat destroyers. Chatham dock yard is credited with the unparalleled achievement of launching three of the heaviest battle ships from the same slip within ten months. The armored ships building at a cost of over £20,000,000, number 28, with a tonnage of over 350,000 tons, the number exceeding by two the entire Russian fleet of battle ships and treble the number of armored vessels in the American navy. The whole of these ships will be added to the effective strength of the British navy by March, 1903, while the first lord of the admiralty, Mr. George J. Goschen, in two months time, will ask the house of commons for credits to still further strengthen the British fleet.

AN ENTIRE FAMILY LOST.

In a Clinker Boat They Attempted to Cross Lake Erie to Canada—The Battered Boat Found.

CHICAGO, Jan. 30.—The Tribune's Toledo, O., special says:

The loss of an entire family in Lake Erie is reported here Sunday. On one of the islands in the Bass group lived a family named Robson. The family consisted of the father, mother, a daughter of 20, a son of 5 and a hired man, Henry M. Martel.

The little boy died and his parents determined to take the body back to Canada, whence they came. A clinker boat was used, the entire family starting on the perilous journey. The battered clinker boat has been found and the body of a woman reported found recently near Port Burrell, on the Canadian shore, is presumed to have been Mrs. Robson. The other bodies have not been found.

PANIC IN AN OMAHA THEATER.

Large Bear Frenzied With an Uproated Tooth Its Master Was Trying to Extract Escapes From Its Cage.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 30.—An enormous silver tip bear, frenzied with an ulcerated tooth, which its master was trying to extract, escaped from its cage in the Creighton theater Sunday and created a panic before being captured. In addition to frightening a number of persons, the big bear seriously hurt its master, Paul Batty, badly lacerated Stage Hand McDonald and tore the clothes of Jake Rosenthal, manager of the theater.

In the maze of scenery back of the stage the bear vented his fury by demolishing everything in sight. By this time the trainer recovered sufficiently to direct the heating of irons to subdue the animal. His roars could be heard for several blocks.

BAD ACCIDENT IN A TUNNEL.

A Gang of Track Repairers Ran Down by a Train—One Killed, One Will Die, and Sixteen Were Injured.

ALTOONA, Pa., Jan. 30.—A gang of 28 track repairmen were working on the railroad at the western opening of the Gallitzin tunnel at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon when they heard the approach of a locomotive, which was running west through the tunnel. The workmen all stepped from the north track, on which west-bound trains move to the south-track. The smoke in the tunnel prevented them from seeing the approaching locomotive, which in order to avoid obstructions on the north track was running on the south track. One man was instantly killed, one died in the Altoona hospital, and 16 were more or less seriously injured. None escaped without injury.

FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER.

Conviction of a Negro Who Killed "Crap Jim" Thomas With a Shotgun at Parkersburg, W. Va.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Jan. 30.—In the case of the state vs. Ira Hains, colored, for the murder of "Crap Jim" Thomas, also colored, which occurred several months ago, the criminal court jury returned a verdict of guilty in the second degree shortly before 10 o'clock Sunday morning.

Hains followed Thomas to a friend's house and deliberately emptied a shotgun into his face, causing instant death, but his counsel showed that the latter had made threats against Hains.

Took Arsenic in His Beer.

OAKLAND CITY, Ind., Jan. 30.—Carl Agee, a young merchant of Somerville, a village four miles south of this city, committed suicide by taking arsenic in beer. Domestic troubles led to a debauch which ended with the suicide.

A Cadet From Venezuela.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—In the house Saturday a joint resolution was adopted granting to the republic of Venezuela the privilege of sending a cadet to the West Point military academy.

FARMERS' PARTY.

Illinois Organizations Declare for the Holding of a National Convention.

The Purpose Is the Nomination and Election of Farmers as Members of Congress and State Legislatures—Declaration of Principles.

AVON, Ill., Jan. 30.—The conference of delegates from the farmers's organizations in Fulton, Warren and McDonough counties have declared for the holding of a national convention to form the national farmers' party. A committee was appointed with instructions to begin preparations at once for the event. As quickly as possible representatives will be appointed all through the United States. It is planned to hold the convention not later than the first week in March, Chicago being favored as the convention place.

Eldon W. Bradbury, who has been engaged in the work of organization, read this declaration of principles which was adopted without dissent:

"We hold that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that it is to preserve these rights; that governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that whenever a government becomes destructive of these ends it is the duty of the people to alter or to abolish it and to adopt such measures as will insure their rights."

"We hold that the rule of minority classes is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and destructive to our rights."

"We hold that the only free and just government is that in which the law-making bodies are composed of direct representatives from such industries or occupations as have a majority of the votes in the congressional and legislative districts defined by our constitution and the laws of our states."

"With an abiding faith in the truth and justice of our belief we appeal to every farmer in the United States to join hands with us in effecting our purpose, which is the nomination and election of farmers as members of congress and farmers as members of our legislature. Agriculture being the chief industry in the United States the animosity and importance of our interests demand prompt and energetic action. To that end we urge an expression of opinion from farmers of this country as to the necessity of holding a convention at the earliest and most convenient time and place to discuss our condition and to adopt such measures and take such action as may seem necessary."

A brief discussion ensued over the proposition that the representation in the proposed national convention should be one delegate for each district sending a representative to the lower house of the legislature in the respective states.

A number of offers from farmers and labor organizations in various states addressed to A. W. Holeman, the original mover in the new organization, were read.

CLEMENCY IS RECOMMENDED.

Gen. Eagan Guilty of Conduct Unbecoming a Gentleman and Conduct Prejudicial to Good Order.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Gen. Eagan, commissary general of subsistence, has been found guilty of the charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and of conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline and of the specifications thereto, and has been sentenced to dismissal from the United States army, but with a recommendation from the court for the exercise of executive clemency. Under the regulations the court having reached the conclusion that the accused was guilty had no choice in selecting a penalty, the regulations prescribing absolutely the one punishment—dismissal—for the offense.

Therefore, the only hope for Gen. Eagan is in the direction of commutation, mitigation or disapproval.

Col. Davis, the judge advocate of the court-martial, finished his revision of the record of the court's proceedings Saturday afternoon and at once placed the papers in the hands of Secretary Alger.

This action settled at once any doubt that may have existed as to the routine to be pursued in the treatment of the case. As for Secretary Alger, as soon as he reads the record he will place it at once with the president, who, under the law, is the final reviewing authority. It is his privilege to add to or take from the strength of the court's recommendation that clemency be shown. The indications are that the papers will be in the president's hands early next week.

Mail Routes and Posts in Alaska.

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 30.—Private advices received here state that the government will send three detachments of soldiers into the Copper river district of Alaska next spring to lay out a mail route to the Yukon river and establish posts.

Four Men Badly Burned.

CHICAGO, Jan. 30.—Four men were badly burned, one perhaps fatally, by the explosion of a boiler Sunday in the basement of the Chicago Tribune building.

After the Grip

Thousands of people say Hood's Sarsaparilla quickly restores the appetite, regulates the heart, vitalizes the blood, cures those sharp pains, dizziness, heavy head, that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla has marvelous power to expel all poisonous disease germs from the blood, and overcome the extreme weakness which is one of the peculiar effects of the grip. Get only America's Greatest Medicine for the grip. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

USELESS STRATAGEM.

A Smart Trick That Failed to Work Upon Some Fearless Stage Robbers.

"Yep, th' road agents used t' be purty reckless w'en I wuz drivin' stage w'ay back in th' 70's," remarked Tank Wilson, reminiscently, "an' all kinds of schemes was put up t' throw them off th' scent."

"Time was changed on all the stage routes, an' dummy mail bags an' express boxes were carried, but 'twan't no use."

"Th' wust case of hold-up I ever experienced wuz durin' th' smallpox scare. We wuz full of passengers, inside an' out, an' every one 'fem carried a belt 'f gold dust. We had heard that a new individual had taken to th' road, an' tharfore makes our precautions."

"Of course, if six or seven men hold up a stage it ain't no use to fight, 'cause only one shows hisself an' all th' rest ambushes an' gits th' drop on you. Then they comes forrard an' takes your wealth."

"So we gets up a scheme. We knows road agents is purty much skawered 'f smallpox, so we takes along an ole tramp, wraps him up in bandages an' hangs out a yaller flag from th' roof 'f the stage."

"Just as we wuz pullin' out 'f a canyon we hears a familar hail, an', of course, pulls up."

"Wat's that yeller flag for?" asks a fellow, with his Winchester at his cheek, a powerful big fellow with a mask on.

"Passenger's got th' smallpox!" I answers, in a warning tone.

"Wal, all you passengers gits out an' hol' your han's up!" was the answer. "Throw down them mail bags, an' that there express box."

"Them villins took ev'ry bit 'f dust that wuz carried on the stage, an' then th' head villin thought a moment to hisself, 'an' then pulls th' band'ges off n' th' tramp. Then he grins, an' says somethin' t' one 'f his pardners, who pulls a small box out'n his pocket."

"Th' head villin then ranges his men where they could shoot us down ef we moved, an' he dips his knife point in th' box an' then jabs it a half inch inter th' tramp's arm. He does th' same t' each an' ev'ry one 'f us an' then sez:

"Now, there's no danger, gen'l'men. You're all vaccinated. As fer me an' my fren's, we ain't skawered 'f no smallpox. Ef we wuz t' remove these yere masks, you would see we is all pockmarked."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR PODUNK'S HOTEL.

Some Valuable Points About Putting Up a Cheap But Attractive Menu.

He winked familiarly at the landlord as he paid his bill and in a confidential tone remarked:

"I don't mind telling you that I am thinking of going into the hotel business myself for a change. You sit, that's all. I've bought the biggest place for sale in Podunk, and mebbe you wouldn't mind telling me a few things about keeping a hotel—seen' you're right in the business. There's the menu, now; some little points on that night work. We don't know everything down in Podunk."

The landlord rubbed the bald spot on his brow and thought a moment.

"There's chicken croquettes," he said; "chicken comes high this time of year."

"I see."

"Not one in a thousand can tell the difference between veal and chicken."

"Geewhills! There's a pointer to start with."

"Fried chicken costs money. Fried rabbit tastes like it, and the difference goes into your pocket."

"Golly, I'm gettin' rich already."

"Quail on toast reads fine on the menu. You don't suppose we folks in the city pamper our guests on real quail? Baby owls taste so much like quail you can't tell one from t' other. And out your way owls must be thick as pumpkins. Then there's beef. Of course you've heard of the hippopotamus theory?"

"I have—the w-h-a-t?"

"Click! click! Yes, old racers. You can buy them by the bunch of a hundred for a song."

The man from Podunk turned pale. "I guess I've got all the points I can remember at once, and if you ever come out my way give me a call. Good day. Fried rabbit? Owls on toast! Hi-pp-o-p. I reckon I'll call the line there. Great business, this hotel-keeping, anyhow."—Chicago Times-Herald.

How He Writes Them.

"I am surprised to learn that the young man to whom I have been talking writes those brilliant and profound articles which have caused so much comment," said the fair stranger to the native.

"Does he claim that he writes them?" asked the native.

"He gave me to understand so. Isn't it true?"

"Oh, yes, it's true enough," replied the native. "He writes them from dictation."

"His private secretary and amanuensis to the man who composes them."—Chicago Post.

Warned.

"Ain't you worried about the trusts?" asked the nervous man.

"No," answered the easy-going citizen. "If they make trouble they'll have to stand their share of it. I've done my duty. I wrote and published a card calling their attention to whether they are drifting, and asking them please not to do so, and now, if they persist, it's their own fault. My conscience is clear."—Washington Star.

Superfluous Law.

"This copyright law is all bosh," said the exuberant young writer. "Just a scheme to make money."

"I thought it an excellent law."

"Bah, it's a fraud. I never copyright my stories and no one steals them."—Detroit Free Press.

Business.

Goodly—What is grander than a man you can trust? Cynicus—One who will trust you.—Jewish Comment.

The Right Way.

"And you say you ate horse steak in Paris? How was it served?"

"A la cart, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DOOD NIGHT.

Last night, my dear, whilst sleeping
In your wee bit trundle bed,
I bended o'er you weeping,
And stroked your curly head.

"Dood night," you said, half hearted,
In a choking, childish way,
And to your bed you started
At the closing of the day.

"Dood night," I gave no answer
To my bonnie bairn's plead;
She understood she wasn't good,
And knew why I didn't heed.

And during all the evening long,
While every heart was gay and light,
Amidst the laughter and the song,
I heard the cry: "Dood night! Dood night!"

"Dood night!" kept ringing in my ears,
The words within my soul did burn,
And smiling through a flow of tears,
I thought her answer I'd return:

And so towards her crib I crept,
And kissed her sweetly on the brow;
And while in peaceful slumber slept,
I said: "Dood night, my darling, now."

—George McKenzie, in Boston Budget.



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SYNOPSIS.

D'Aurac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron is in temporary command, appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge against D'Aurac. Nicholas, a servant, brings in a man and woman, from king's camp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Aurac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward woman, strikes him, duel follows and prisoners escape. De Gomeron is interrupted by appearance of de Rone, and D'Aurac is told he will hang if found alive at close of tomorrow's battle. Riding over field next day D'Aurac finds Nicholas, victim of de Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, D'Aurac, lying severely wounded, sees two forms moving through the darkness robbing the bodies of the dead and wounded. They find golden collar of de Rone's corpse, and D'Aurac stabs Maugnot (her partner) to gain possession. Henry with retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who had escaped from de Gomeron and d'Ayen, her suitor, rides over the field. Madame rescues D'Aurac, and afterwards visits him daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend is heiress of Bidache. When well enough he is taken to her Normandy chateau, where he learns from Maitre Pallin, madame's chaplain, the king is about to force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he comes upon Nicholas, his old servant, who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood with associates from army and nobility, plotting treason against the king. They go to de Gomeron's retreat where they manage to overhear details of plot. Burning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two men think themselves beyond pursuit, when suddenly they are face to face with Biron, one of the traitors, whom D'Aurac cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who makes short work of Nicholas. D'Aurac escapes. Arriving in Paris, the chaplain lays what he knows of treasonable plot before Sully, master general of ordinance. Calling on de Belin, a friend, D'Aurac secures from him a servant, Ravallac, who had previously been in service of d'Ayen. D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de la Bidache is to occur within fortnight, de Belin to stand sponsor. Pallin and madame are in Paris. D'Aurac has suspicious aroused concerning Ravallac; later witnesses meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dismisses him. The chevalier is introduced at court by de Belin, where he charges Biron with being traitor to France and king. For his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit France. King now commands marriage to be celebrated on the morrow, making it imperative that flight occur that night, if madame be saved. D'Aurac therefore meets her secretly, when masked men swoop down on pair and carry them off, bound and gagged. After 24 hours' imprisonment, during which he has interview with de Gomeron and Babette, he manages to escape. At his lodgings he finds Jacques, Pallin de Belin and Sully. Next morning Pallin, disguised, goes to Tolson d'Or, a sort of inn next building to which he and madame had been taken. D'Aurac hires a room, and from a window reaches roof of next building where he finds a skylight half open, from which he could command a view of one room of the Tolson d'Or.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

I saw a room of moderate size, and well, but plainly furnished. In the center was an oblong table covered with a dark cloth and round about it were set a number of chairs. The skylight alone admitted light, and from this to the floor of the room was a matter of 12 feet or so. The chamber was empty, and I had more than half a mind to risk the descent, when the door was opened and Babette stepped in. I shrank back as low as possible, and observed that she was making arrangements for some one, for she placed a couple of decanters with glasses on the table, arranged the chairs, and then after taking a look round went out once more. I made up my mind to wait, and, settling myself under the skylight, began to exercise my patience. After an hour or so had passed, I heard the door opened again, and then the sound of voices. Presently some one called out: "We had better shut the skylight," and then another voice, this time Lafin's, said: "No, it is no use, and we will want light to see."

Once more I raised myself and leaned against the edge of the opening, eyes and ears intent. There were three men in the room—Lafin, de Gomeron and another whom I did not know, but whom I judged to be an Italian from his manner of pronouncing our language. They were all three seated round the table, poring over a number of documents and conversing in low tones. After a time it appeared to me that Lafin was urging something on de Gomeron, and the free lance, who was short of temper, brought his clenched hand on the table in a manner to make the glasses ring whilst he said with an oath:

"I will not—I have risked too much. I have told you before that I did not come into this for the good of my health. My prize is my own. It has nothing to do with your affair, of which I am sick."

The other man then cut in:

"I come here expecting to meet the marshal—and I meet you and monsieur here. I mean no offense, but I must tell you plainly, my master's instructions are that I should hear M. de Biron's promises and take his demand from his own lips."

"And what about Epernon, Bouillon and Tremouille, count?" asked de Gomeron.

The dark eyes of the stranger flashed on him for a moment.

"My master, the duke of Savoy, knows their views."

"Personally?"

The Italian waved his hand with a laugh. "Gentlemen, I have given you my terms—it is for you to choose. As for my part I would that my master dropped this business and trusted the day to his sword."

"That is not wont to be M. de Savoy's way," sneered Lafin, and the Italian rose.

"Very well, messieurs, I will then consider the issue as closed."

"It matters not a rush to me," exclaimed de Gomeron; but Lafin, who was moodily plucking at his mustache, spoke again, and the tones of his voice were full of chagrin:

"As you wish, I undertake that the marshal sees you."

"Where and when? My time is precious."

"Here at ten o'clock to-night."

"Maledetto! This is not a place to come at that hour."

"It is safe, and would be safer still if you stayed here till then. The spies of the master general—curse him—are everywhere, and M. de Gomeron will guarantee your protection here."

"I am deeply grateful." The count bowed slightly, a faint tone of irony in his voice. "Then you agree?"

"Yes."

The voices dropped again after this, and they began to pore over the papers and a map that the free lance had spread before him, making an occasional remark, which I did not follow. But I had heard enough to be convinced that the plot of Anet was still in full life. It was all important for me now to communicate what I knew at once to the master general. With a little ordinary care the conspirators could be trapped to a man, and if by one stroke I could effect this, as well as free madame—anything was possible. Without further hesitation I therefore crept slowly back and descended to my chamber as softly as a cat. Leaving the ladder swinging where it was, for I could not undo the knot, I drew on my boots and



went to the turret to reconnoiter before venturing out into the street. Imagine my chagrin and disappointment to see that three men were at the gate of the Tolson d'Or, evidently on the watch, and in one of them I made out Ravallac. I might have passed the others without discovery, but it would be impossible to escape the lynx eyes of this villain, who, though young in years, had all the craft of age, and who later on was to raise himself to an eminence so bad that I know not whom to place beside him, except, perhaps, those who were his aids and abettors. I did not fear to run the gauntlet—that was an easy matter; but merely doing so would make by birds take to wing, and I found myself compelled once more to hold patience by the tail until the coast was clear.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLAIN HENRI DE BIRON.

In a little I began to cool and sought my room, determined to occasionally take a turn to the turret and see if the guard was gone, but not to harass myself by watching them continually. In about an hour or so I wearied of sitting and looked out of my window again in the direction of madame's room, as I called it to myself. At the moment of my doing so the shutter that was open toward my side suddenly closed. I could just make out a flash of white fingers on the dark woodwork, and then the face I longed to see looked out from the half of the window still open, and drew back again almost on the instant. Feeling sure that she would look out once more, I leaned forward. Madame did as I expected, and I could see the astonishment on her face, and hear her cry of joy. She tried to converse with me by signals on her fingers and for the first time I had occasion to bless what I had up to now considered a foolish accomplishment that I picked up as a boy when I was with Mgr. de Joyeuse. Enough that madame gave me to understand that she was well treated, and I let my dear know that there were those at work who would soon free her, and perhaps there was a word or two besides on a subject which concerned us two alone. It was in the midst of this part of our converse that she drew back all at once with a warning finger on her lips; and though I waited again for a full hour, forgetting the watchers below in the fresh fears that began to assail me, I did not see her again. At the end of that time, however, a white ker-

chief waved twice from the window and was then withdrawn. I turned back into my room, and now that I was certain she was there, my impatience at being penned up as I was became almost insupportable, and Heaven alone knows how I held myself in from making a dash for it, and risking all on the venture. To cut the matter short, it wanted but a few minutes to sundown when, to my relief, I saw a cloaked figure I could not recognize step out of the Tolson d'Or, and after giving a few orders to the guards, pass briskly down the street. They in their turn went into the house, and at last the road was clear. I hesitated no further, and hurried down the stairs.

Although I was not in a frame of mind to observe what was going on around me, I soon became conscious that one of those sudden fogs which extend over the city at this period of the year had arisen, as it were, out of nothing, and in the course of a few minutes I was compelled to slacken pace and pick my way slowly, and with the greatest caution in regard to landmarks, for I could not risk losing my way again. The fog was not a thick one, but it was sufficient, united with the coming evening, to almost blur out the streets and houses, and make the figures of passers-by loom out like large and indistinct shadows. Carefully as I had tried to impress the way on my memory, I hesitated more than once as to the route I should take, and it was with something like a sigh of relief that I found myself at last behind St. Martin's, whose spire towered above me, a tall, gray phantom. Here I halted for a moment to see if one of the few shadows that flickered now and then through the haze might give some signal by which I might recognize Pantin. It was in vain, and determined to wait no longer I set off at a round pace, when I was suddenly arrested by hearing the rich tones of a voice singing:

Frere Jacques, dormez-vous?
Dormez-vous, dormez-vous?

The clear notes rang out through the fog, bringing with them a hundred recollections of the time when I had last heard the chorus. And the voice? That was not to be mistaken. It was de Belin, or else his ghost. Without a moment's hesitation I sang back the lines, advancing at the same time in the direction in which I had heard the voice. I had not gone 30 paces when I saw two tall shadows approaching me, and at the same time heard the verse again.

"Lisais?" I called out.

"It is he," I heard de Belin say.

Then the shadows stopped for a moment, and another and slighter figure joined them. Finally one came forward, and when within a yard or so of me spoke:

"D'Aurac—is it you?"

"Yes—I was hastening to you. Man, I have discovered all."

"Morbien!" exclaimed the compe, "the chanson was a happy thought, else we had missed you in this fog."

"Is Pantin here? We have not a moment to lose."

"He is. It was he who guided us here. I have brought a friend with me. Do not ask his name; but speak freely before him and tell us exactly what you have discovered." With these words he took me by the arm and led me up to the two. In the shorter, there was no difficulty in recognizing Pantin. What with the mist, the mask of his face and the roqueleure that enveloped him to the ears, I could make out nothing of the stranger, who did not even answer my salutation except by a slight inclination of the head. I need not say that I wasted no time, but laid the matter before them and wound up with—

"And now, gentlemen, we are three swords; let Pantin hasten and bring half a dozen of the compe's people, and I guarantee that we not only free madame, but take the whole brood of vipers."

"These cards won't win," said de Belin; "we must have more witnesses than ourselves, who are known to be enemies of the marshal. The king plays at More's this evening. He is like to be there now, or else very soon, for he is bound on a frolic to-night. We will go straight there. Villeroi and Sully are both to be in attendance, and also the marshal."

"The marshal will not be there," I interrupted.

"If so I wager the king asks for him, and I will take it on my head to explain. In half an hour we could be back with Sully and Villeroi, and then the game is ours. Do you not agree, monsieur?" and he turned to the stranger. All the answer was another grave inclination of the head.

"Come," went on de Belin, slipping his arm into mine, "put yourself in my hands, d'Aurac, and I pledge you success. My God!" he broke off suddenly—"to think we should win so completely."

There was so much in what he said that I agreed without demur, and Belin hurried me onwards, the stranger and Pantin following a few steps behind. As we went on Belin whispered: "Ask no questions, d'Aurac—say nothing until you see Sully, and ten minutes after I promise you 20 swords."

"If I do not get them in an hour," I said grimly, "I will go back myself and see what my own sword can do."

"And I will go back with you, too—there, is not that enough? Come, man," and we hurried along through the mist as fast as we could walk, keeping on the left side of the road. As we came up to St. Merri de Belin stopped and blew sharply on a whistle. There was an answering call, and from under the flamboyant portico of the church the figure of a man with a led horse slipped out into the fog, now yellow with the light of the street lamps. Without a word the stranger mounted, and the two passed us at a trot.

"What the devil does that mean?" I exclaimed—"your monseigneur has left us."

"To return again," answered the compe dryly, and then added: "It will be a gay party at More's to-night, and it is time we were there."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO STORIES OF SPIRITS.

One of Which Might Have Been Quite Easily and Naturally Accounted For.

"When spiritualism was comparatively new and we were youngsters, we used to hear delightful spooky stories about mysterious actions of furniture and things, which one never seems to hear nowadays. I remember one about some people who had guests invited to a grand dinner. The table was spread with all the dishes, but the meal had not yet been served. The family had great store of beautiful glass and china, and it was all on the table. For a moment the servants were all out of the dining-room, and just at that moment all the people in the rest of the house heard a deafening crash of falling dishes; from the dining-room there came the sound of glassware precipitated upon the floor and crushing into fragments, and in the midst of the roar of this wreck there rose to the terrified ears of the host and hostess the high, clear notes of the smashing of much thin china. Everybody in the house—family, guests, servants—rushed to the dining-room door at the same moment, expecting to see nothing less than the table overturned and every precious dish on it broken, and what did they behold? The table set in perfect order with not a thing on it disturbed. What had made the awful crash? Nobody ever knew. Not a dish was even nicked in that house that day. The spirits—so the story ran to us—had just made a terrible ghostly crash for the fun of it and the alarm of the household."

"I remember that this story impressed me a great deal more than it would have impressed me if the dishes had really been found smashed, though it could have been proved that no human being had been in the room at the time. I had never before heard of a ghost that was a crash and nothing more. I fancy the astonishment of those alleged people was not greater than that of a friend of mine over an episode not at all similar. This gentleman's wife and daughter were out shopping one afternoon, and he reached home ahead of them. So far from feeling grieved and outraged at not finding them there to make him welcome, he set to work pleasantly to give them a surprise by getting them their supper. He hadn't much in the house, but he set out what he had, and placed on each of three plates a nice lot of sardines, and then went out to make them some tea. He got it made and came back, and looked at his table in astonishment. His supper was gone. The plates which he had put on the table were there just where he had placed them, but they were as clean as when he put them on. He knew that there was not another human being in the house. What spirit had wafted away those sardines?"

"This is a true story. There was not another human being in the house, but the gentleman owned two delightful cocker spaniels, and they were in the house. Who can doubt that, as they licked the plates which had contained the sardines, they had said to themselves: 'Go to; we will make it unnecessary for our dear master to wash these plates?'"—Boston Transcript.

PICTURES OF SOUND.

The Human Voice or Musical Notes May Be Photographed in a Simple Manner.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin strong paper over the flaring end of an old tin horn. Hold the horn with the sheet of paper upward. Take a little pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper. Then hold the horn vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end of the instrument. Do not blow, but sing the note. Now lower the horn carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture. So you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers, some look like snakes, and others like flying birds; in fact, there is no limit to the variation. The pictures of the notes of musical instruments are made by holding the horn as near as possible to them.

As stated above, sand may be used, but lycopodium powder will produce even better effects. Lycopodium pictures may be "fixed" by first dissolving the powder in alcohol and then placing a drop of the fluid on the paper. But you must be quick about it. The alcohol evaporates in a few seconds, so you must make the sound in the horn as soon as you have deposited the drop. The small amount of liquid will not prevent the powder in it from spreading. When it has spread, however, it will stick the picture in its place on the paper, which may then be taken off the horn and preserved.

You may thus obtain pictures of the voices of all your friends. Common gum tragacanth with a little alcohol in it also makes good pictures. If you wish to see the pictures while they are being made, you may employ an old flaring bell-shaped ear trumpet, or you may use your old horn with a short piece of rubber tubing on the mouth-piece.—N. Y. Sun.

The White Sheep.

"That youngest boy of yours does not seem to be a credit to you," said the white man to Uncle Mose.

"No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "He's the wustest chile I shes. He is mighty bad. He's de white sheep of de family, sah."—Boston Journal.

Queer.

Master of the House (looking at thermometer outside the door)—Only two more zero! A pretty cold morning!

Cook—Sure an it's quare that such a little thing can make so much difference wid the weather!—Brooklyn Life.



A Considerate Beggar.

Mendicant—Say, boss, can't you give a poor devil something?

Mr. Portly Pompous—I never give anything to street beggars.

Mendicant—All right, boss. I don't want yer ter do nothin' agin' yer principles. Just gimme yer house address, and I'll call every day.—Tammany Times.

Desperation.

The weather prophet in a plight
Looked forth upon the sky one night
And doggedly he said:
"Twill rain or blow or snow, I fear;
Or else, 'twill be quite warm and clear."
And then he went to bed.
—Washington Star.

A MIDWINTER JOKE.



Jocular Jack—Loidy, kin yer gimme some cold vittals?

Mrs. Jay—Yes, my poor man! Go over to the woodhouse and you'll find lots of chops.—St. Louis Republic.

Too Sad.

There was a young woman from Leicester,
Who lived in the city of Cheichester,
She would giggle and flirt,
Till her parents felt hurt,
And wondered what on earth pocolster.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Absent-Minded.

Smith—Halloa, Jones! Haven't seen you for a month. How is Mrs. Jones?

Jones (promptly)—Nicely, thanks. (Thinks a moment.) Oh, no; excuse me! She died three weeks ago!—Harlem Life.

He Saw Too Much.

Jaggs—My dear, you are getting better looking as you grow older. Your beauty appears to have doubled.

Mrs. Jaggs—That will do, Mr. Jaggs. You've been drinking again!—Chicago Daily News.

Absolutely Hopeless.

"But you might learn to love me," he urged.

She shook her head.

"You have no idea," she said, "what a poor student I am."—Chicago Evening Post.

Wasted Energy.

O, something to deplore is
That wasted hour when
We tell hair-raising stories
To stark bald-headed men.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A MALICIOUS HUSBAND.



"You are always complaining about my singing, Arthur, and claim it makes you nervous, while dear baby falls asleep as soon as I begin a song."

"Oh, baby is smarter than you think. He pretends to be asleep so that you will stop singing."—Fliegende Blätter.

After the Feast.

Now doth the lone turkey warble,
In accents filled with gloom;
"The good die young and I rejoice
Because of my toughness—see!"
—Chicago Daily News.

Unmistakable Proofs.

"Why do you think he is a self-made man?"

"Because he wears chin whiskers instead of mutton chops."—Chicago Daily News.

Its Work Done.

Jimmy—I've broke my knife!

Johnny—Gee, but don't yer feel bad?

Jimmy—Not very. I'd cut my initials on all their furniture there was.—N.Y. Journal.

The Prevailing Fashion.

Here's to the man who is clear out of style; Though pleasure oft gives him the slip. At present his face wears a radical smile. For he hasn't been ill with the grip.
—Washington Star.

A Gander.

Gushery—They say Guzzle drinks like a fish!

Lushery—It's a lie! Guzzle never touches water.—N. Y. Evening Journal.

No Hope.

He—Are you sure your love for me is dead?

She—Yes. Heart failure.—Harlem Life.

Who He Needed.

We gave our little son his choice of kitta. His answer was profound:
"I want a little stat'—like Dick Blinks, 'So's I kin boss her round."
—Chicago Record.

What She Might Give.

"I am looking for something real nice for a young man," said the young and pretty shopper.

"Why don't you look in the mirror?" asked the gallant clerk, and she was so flustered that he managed to sell her four different things that she did not want before she knew what she was doing.—Chicago Post.

Passing It Along.

Stuckwell—Yes; I've lost all confidence in Jones since he worked 'that beast off on me. I'll never trust him again.

Groom—Yes, sir; what are you going to do with the horse now, sir?

Stuckwell—Well, I expect a friend of mine over this afternoon to look at him.—Puck.

No Comparison.

"I suppose," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "the hottest place on earth is the stove-hole of an iron battleship in action."

"There is one hotter," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks. "It's the place where a young husband sits when he carves his first turkey for company."—Chicago Tribune.

Variable Sentiment.

"What is your opinion of municipal ownership of street railways?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, after much thought, "my opinion on that point depends."

"On what?"

"On who happens to be owning the municipality."—Washington Star.

The Usual Thing.

Farmer Hayrick—Well, Zeke, when yer wuz in Washington did yer make inquiries ez to what our congressman wuz doin'?

Farmer Hedgrow—Yes, I asked, an' everybody said he wuz doin' barteners! Wonder what ther fools meant?—N. Y. Journal.

What Else Could He Do?

"I'll marry no man with a dead face like yours!"

She said, as they walked on the sands. "Then there's only one thing I can do!" he replied.

And he buried his face in his hands.
—Chicago Tribune.

A BLOW TO THE SEX.



Lady—Do you really think men have more brains than women?

Man—Some men, madam.

Lady—Some? What men, pray?

Man—Single men.—Pick-Me-Up.

Vindicated.

He married the girl of his choice
In spite of the things his friends said;
To-day they look on and rejoice
While he wishes that he were dead.
—Chicago Record.

Had Other Resources.

"My wife," said the young man, "always kisses me when I come home at night."

"My wife does not," replied the man of middle age, "but it is of no advantage to me. In one way or another she gets a report on the condition of my breath just the same."—Chicago Post.

Culinary Comment.

Mr. Crimsoneak—I hope that girl don't go and cook the steak to a crisp again to-day.

"Well, what would you say if she cooked it to suit you?"

"I would say it was a very rare occurrence."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Unexpected Return.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure
cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food
against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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Judge Scott's Decision in Bank
Tax Cases.

The following dispatch is of interest to those concerned in the recent suits filed by the Paris City Council against the Paris banks. The proposition to compromise tendered the council by the Paris banks was in accord with the decision of Judge Scott, and such a compromise would have been fair and just to all concerned, and avoided the big fees and costly litigation now pending.

WINCHESTER, Ky., Jan. 28.—Some months ago the City Council of Winchester compromised the bank tax cases, as did most other cities of Central Kentucky. The City Board of Education refused to be bound by this compromise, and prosecuted a suit against the Citizens' National Bank. In deciding this case Circuit Judge Scott decided several points of interest to fourth-class cities.

He held that while the City Council has the sole right to levy taxes for city purposes the demands of the Board of Education were mandatory within the constitutional limitations. He also held that the Council had no right to compromise or rebate the taxes levied for the School Board; that if the Council failed or refused to prosecute the collection of these taxes it could be done in the name of the Board of Education. He had decided, however, that the banks that had complied with the Hewitt law were not liable for other taxes until the later decision of the Court of Appeals on the subject. While he did not decide the basis of assessment to be applied to the banks, as this question was not before him, it could easily be read between the lines that the banks should be assessed on the same basis as other property, usually about 75 or 80 per cent. of the actual value.

Queer Political Bedfellows.

This is a period of curious developments in politics. Andrew Carnegie, plutocrat, and Dr. Parkhurst, puritan are ready to support W. J. Bryan for President on a platform opposing imperialism. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the millionaire clubman of New York, has started a weekly paper advocating the income tax. President McKinley has been advocating the doctrine of peace and good will between the sections and has worn a Confederate badge. And "Granny" Hoar, of Massachusetts, once a subscriber to the doctrine that the constitution with slavery in it was a covenant under hell, now boldly proclaims that the downfall of the Republic will date from the accession of William McKinley to the Presidency.

Gen. Joe Wheeler, one of the few surviving Lieutenant-Generals of the Confederacy and a lifelong Democrat, declares that the country owes a debt of gratitude to McKinley, which can only be discharged by unanimously electing him to a second term in the White House; and Bryan and Cleveland have come together on a platform opposing annexation. —[Cathie Mercury.]

The Texas Legislature tabled a resolution to invite Col. Bryan to come and deliver an address before it. Is it possible that the Colonel is losing his grip?

WATCH THIS SPACE

PARKER & JAMES,

CLOTHIERS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,

Corner Main and Fourth Sts.,

Will occupy this space with their announcements. A new and complete line of ready-to-wear clothing, and gents' furnishings is being installed in their big store-room—late vacated by H. Montgomery.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Paper.

It is definitely settled that Irving and Miss Terry will come to this country next season for a five months' tour.

A divorce was granted at Bridgeport, Conn., separating Lillie Hall Barlow from her husband, Milton G. Barlow.

Lewis Morton seems to be in the clutches of his Satanic Majesty. He has just shelved Mephisto and now W. A. Brady comes along and engages him for a leading part in Marie Correll's new play, "The Sorrows of Satan."

"DARKEST AMERICA."

"Darkest America," which gave a very satisfactory performance at the opera house some time ago, will be the next attraction at the Grand, coming on next Monday night, February 6th. J. W. Vogel's big Afro-American Minstrels have been allied with "Darkest America," and the show is playing to big business on its tour. The Fountain City Quartette and a slack wire performer are new features which have been added to the show.

MR. GOEBEL said in his Lebanon speech that he did not have the support of "a single newspaper of general circulation." This is rubbing it in on the papers that have been whooping things up for the gentleman from Kenton.

THE newspapers are making Hobson's sister a heroine because she clung to a runaway horse last week. Any girl would have done that—if she could. If she wants to be a real heroine let her muzzle her noted brother, Richard, the assulator.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00 F. B. McDERMOTT.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Winchester and Richmond capitalists will connect the two cities by a telephone line.

A baby waif was left in a trunk on the porch of J. R. Culver, a Henderson county merchant.

A "Jack-the-Peeper" who ought to be shot is shot in annoying the citizens of Flemingsburg.

Rev. Stephen Moore and family, living near London, Ky., were poisoned from eating canned blackberries.

J. Will Forsyth has recently sold to Mr. H. Eugene Leigh, the highly prized Kingston—Stapella (by Hindoo) filly Tildee.

Sadleville wants to be the county seat of a new county which it wants to be formed out of parts of Scott, Owen and Harrison counties.

Five Kentucky boys attending the Naval Academy at Annapolis received their diplomas Saturday. Cadet J. T. Beckner, of Winchester, is ordered to Dewey's fleet. Cadet S. I. Major, of Frankfort, is ordered to the New York.

Gov. Bradley has appointed Morris B. Belknap Colonel of the First Kentucky, vice John B. Castleman, promoted. Major David Gray was appointed Lieutenant Colonel to succeed Belknap. Captain R. S. Carr, of Ashland, was appointed Major to succeed Gray.

Mardi Gras

at New Orleans and Mobile QUEEN & CRESCENT Route, limited trains, equipped with elegance, running on fast time. One fare round trip tickets from Cincinnati and the north on sale daily, February 6 to 13, good until Feb. 28, to return. Also to Birmingham, Ala., on the same dates. W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00 F. B. McDERMOTT.

A Popular Hotel.

ALWAYS popular, the Palace Hotel, Sixth and Vine street, was easily the most popular hotel in Cincinnati during the G. A. R. encampment. Excellent cuisine, prompt service, and polite employees, and splendid management has made it the best \$2 and \$2.50 per day hotel in America. Kentuckians always find friends stopping at this hostelry. (27sep48)

BIRTHS.

The Advent Of Our Future Men And Women.

In this city Friday morning to the wife of Swift Champ, formerly Miss Lula Thompson, an eight pound daughter.

NUPTIAL KNOTS

Engagements, Announcements And Solennizations Of The Marriage Vows.

ARTIE BOWLES, aged eighteen, is under arrest at Louisville for bigamy. Her first husband was just nineteen.

It is telegraphed from Benton, Ky., that J. R. Ivey, aged sixty-four, has been secretly married since October to Miss Bettie Sutherland.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Jas. Ramsey, aged ninety-two, the oldest citizen in Clark county, died Saturday.

Miss Carrie Redmon, aged thirty-five died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Amanda Redmon, Sunday night.

Simickson Smith, son-in-law of B. F. Harris, of this city, and father of Mrs. Garrett Davis, of Washington, died yesterday, in Delpont, Pa.

B. R. Schooler, aged about seventy, died yesterday morning at his home near Clintonville, after a week's illness of grippe. He leaves a wife but no children. Funeral services will be held this afternoon at the residence by Rev. Simmons.

THE NEWS regrets to announce that F. B. Carr, Jr., the son which was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Carr Thursday afternoon, died Saturday morning. The child was an exceedingly fine boy and his loss is a sad one to the parents. A wide circle of friends will regret to learn of their misfortune.

Miss Ada Vaughn, the estimable daughter of Rev. Dr. Vaughn, Presiding Elder of the Maysville District, died Saturday night in this city of consumption. The deceased was twenty-one years old and was a very lovely and amiable young lady. Religious services were held over her remains Sunday night at E. O. Fretwell's by Rev. E. G. B. Mann, and the remains were taken yesterday morning to Harrodsburg for interment. Rev. Vaughn and wife have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement. Their eldest daughter died just a year ago this month. The remains were accompanied to Harrodsburg by Rev. E. G. B. Mann, Mrs. Fletcher Mann and Mr. Randolph Davis. Mrs. Mann is cousin of the deceased.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Mann & Fuhrman have sold a pair extra fine mules to a Washington, D. C., party for \$400.

Simon Weil has bought fifty export cattle in Clark from B. L. and Lucien Goodwin for \$4.75. The cattle weighed 1,750 pounds.

R. B. Hatcher has bought a quantity of wheat from John Asbury, of Harrison, at sixty-five cents per bushel, delivered at Robinson station.

The famous old Kentucky Association race track at Lexington will be sold under the hammer for building lots unless a syndicate of turfmen buy it.

Oscar Carriek, of Scott, sold 16,000 pounds of tobacco to the American Tobacco Co., for 8 1/2 cents. W. F. Hinton, of same county, sold 6,000 pounds at 8 1/2 cents.

Milton Young, of McGrathiana Stud, has sold to Bruce Seaton, of Newmarket, England, ten yearling fillies for \$5,000. They are the get of Hanover, Strathmore and Onondaga. This is the greatest number of horses ever purchased in Kentucky for shipment to England.

In Cincinnati last week the crop of Clay, Crouch & S. J. Booth, of Nicholas, brought the highest price of any new crop of tobacco in any market this season. The eleven bbls. sold at 14 1/2, 16 1/2, 12, 13 1/2, 6 1/2, 8 1/2, 8 3/4, 13 1/2, 6 1/2, 12, averaging \$11.62. The net proceeds of the sale were \$1,313.40. B. F. Congleton & Co., of Nicholas, sold six bbls at \$11 to \$10.25.

NUTS, raisins, dates, figs, currants, seedless raisins.

NEWTON MITCHELL.

HEINZ'S baked beans in tomato sauce.

F. B. McDERMOTT.

Always ask for Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour. All grocers keep it. Insist on having Purity every time.

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Weak Eyes are Made Strong, dim vision made clear, eyes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

FOR SALE—One large anthracite stove. Apply to Dr. Usery. (3t)

AN ANCIENT CHESS KING.

Haply some rajah first in the ages gone
Amid his languid ladies fingered thee,
While a black nightingale, sun awart as he,
Sang his one wife love's passionate oration:
Haply thou mayst have pleased Old Prester John
Among his pastures when full royally
He sat in tent, grave shepherds at his knee,
While lamps of balsam winked and glimmered on
What dost thou here? Thy masters are all dead,
My heart is full of ruth and yearning pain
At sight of thee, O king, that hast a crown
Outlasting theirs, and tell of greatness fled
Through cloud hung nights of unaltered ring
And murmurs of the dark majestic town.
—Jean Ingelow.

"A SAD NIGHT."

How Carlyle and Leigh Hunt Differed Even About the Sky.

Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present at a small party of equally well known men. It happened that the conversation rested with these two, and the others sat, well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt talked on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle would drop some heavy tree trunk across his pleasant stream and bank it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval, but Hunt never ceased his joyous anticipations nor saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and now fairly pitted them against each other as the philosophers of hopefulness and unhopefulness. The contest continued with ready wit, philosophy, pleasantry and profundity and extensive knowledge of books and character.

The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear that the contest would last indefinitely, but night was far advanced, and the party now broke up. They all sallied forth, and, leaving the close room, the candles and the arguments behind them, found themselves under a most brilliant and starlight sky. They looked up. Carlyle can have no answer to this, thought Hunt, and shouted: "There! Look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man!"

Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last, but out of the silence came a few low toned words in a broad Scotch accent: "Eh, it's a sad night!"

They all laughed and then looked thoughtful. There might be some reason for sadness, too—that brilliant firmament perhaps contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings.

Unrecognized.

Perhaps when one makes that conversational blunder which is known as a "break" it is best to say nothing whatever about it. Extenuation only renders a bad matter worse.

Not long ago a lady was visiting the studio of a portrait painter and trying to make herself as agreeable as possible in return for a welcome and afternoon tea. She enjoyed the pictures, although in each case they seemed to her much idealized, and she went from one to another, civilly expressing her approbation.

"Ah," she said to her hostess, "you must tell me all about them! Who is this?"

"Mrs. Lorraine."

"I don't know her; charming, but of course I can't speak for the likeness."

"I try to be faithful," said the artist humbly.

"Oh, I know! I know! And who is the very pretty lady in brown?"

"That," said the other, with some frigidity, "is myself!"—Youth's Companion.

Below Decks During a Fight.

The position of the men below decks on a modern vessel of war, they being isolated by the watertight hatches and doors, has been frequently commented upon, but their position is not always so hard as has been supposed. On the Brooklyn, during the fight before Santiago, Admiral Schley sent orderlies among the men behind casemates and below decks telling them the effects of the shots and how the fight was going. When the chase of the Colon began, the orderlies went down to the stoke holes and engine room and told the men there that the race had begun and everything depended upon them. The wisdom of the action was partly shown in the outcome. —Argonaut.

People of Stone Age.

"The stone age" is not, properly speaking, an expression of time. It refers to a stage in civilization which passed long ago in Europe and Asia, but still lingers in some out of the way corners of the world. A report of La Plata museum in Paraguay describes the Quayaquis, a small tribe of 500 or 600 living near the headwaters of the Acaray river, as a true stone age people. They are timid, harmless folks, desperately afraid of the whites, and with reason, as they have been shamefully abused by them. They have no weapons for defense save bows, lances and stone tomahawks. They are undersized and round headed.

Impertinence of the Neighbors.

Mr. Wigsby—See here, my love, there's some mistake. The baggage delivery man has left seven trunks on our front porch.

Mrs. Wigsby (who has just returned from the mountains)—Imbecile! Don't you understand? He's coming back after dark for the extra five.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Business.

"Fightin's hot business," said Willie as he read about the regiments. "First thing, they got peppered at by the enemy, an they they get mustard out by their own gov'ment."—Harper's Bazar.

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the post cards used in England each year.

In Ptolemy's time any one who killed a cat was put to death.

FRANK & CO.

404 MAIN STREET, - - - PARIS, KY.

New Goods,
New Styles,
New Patterns.

Prices Right,
Style Right,
Goods Right.

After the most successful week of sales in the history of our business we will be ready Monday, January 23rd, with our New Spring Styles in

Hamburgs,
Laces,
Percales,
Piques,
Cheviots,
Sheetings,
Dimitics,
Ginghams,
Welts,
Shirtings,
Cottons,
Linen.

Ready Made Sheets.
Pillow Cases and Belsters.

All at Prices that meet all legitimate competition.

FRANK & CO.



It will be my endeavor this season to LARGELY INCREASE my sales in Wall Paper and if having the most COMPLETE LINE of PAPER both in QUANTITY and QUALITY, in STYLE and BEAUTY and LOWNESS of PRICE means anything, success in this undertaking IS ALREADY ASSURED.

PROSPECTIVE BUYERS will do well TO INVESTIGATE this most effective line, and by ing protect their own interests.

My CARPETS and PAPERS are bought in conjunction and you can fit your house up in a tasteful manner at a small expense.

Respectfully,

J. T. HINTON.

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings.
Send me your old furniture to be repaired.
Your furniture moved by experienced hands.

Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches. Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]
One year.....\$2.00 [Six months.....\$1.00
NEWS COSTS YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REFUND FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

FREE.—Price & Co. have on exhibition a \$3-Howard hat which will be presented to the person that it will fit. They are agents for this renowned hat. This offer is open for one week.

Fresh Meal

Exchanged for corn at Spears & Sons. Office near L. & N Freight Depot.

A MASONIC lodge was instituted at Shawhan Saturday night with ten charter members.

ELD. Z. T. SWEENEY, of Columbus, Ind., preached two excellent sermons at the Christian Church.

EVERYTHING goes at cost: E. & W. collars, 10 cents—this week only. H. S. STOUT.

DAVE MILLER, the barber, has located his chair in John Ayer's shop, opposite Schwartz's saloon. (27j-1m)

THE COURT of Appeals Saturday affirmed the decision of the Bourbon Circuit Court in the case of Harris vs. Harris.

ALBERT WRIGHT ran a red-hot wire through the palm of his hand Sunday while trying to push some obstruction from a horn.

THE regular meeting of the Elk Lodge occurs to-night at the lodge room. There will be initiation work, followed by a social session.

GEO. W. STUART has rented the warehouse on Third street opposite the L. & N. freight depot, and will embark in the coal and seed business.

THE Twenty-second infantry, of which Morin Moore, of this city, is member, has been ordered to proceed from Fort Crooks, Nebraska, to Manila.

AN entertainment called "A Trip Across the Continent," illustrated with stereoscopic views, will be given Friday night in the chapel of the High School.

JOHN FEENEY, the popular clerk at the L. & N. ticket office, received painful bruises yesterday by being thrown from a wagon which was upset by a quick turn at a corner.

MRS. E. B. THROCKMORTON, mother of Charles and John Throckmorton, was stricken with paralysis, Saturday morning, and has since been in a critical condition. She is about eighty-five years old.

THE house on Seventh Street lately occupied by Mrs. E. B. Flanagan, was sold at public sale Saturday by Auctioneer Forsyth to Mrs. Jas. McClure for \$344. The property was owned by the Methodist church.

GEORGE ("TOAD") BROWNER, one of the most popular young men in Paris, has resigned his position with the Bourbon Steam Laundry to accept a clerkship at Fred McDermott's grocery, at Main and Third streets.

A NEGRO boy from Ruckerville secured a new suit of clothes in a novel way yesterday morning. He went into the Louisville Store to try on a suit, and when he found one to fit, he ran out of the store and escaped by running down Seventh street, thence to Ruckerville.

GEORGE BRECKINRIDGE, Mary Gaines and Carrie Fisher, colored, were tried in Judge Purnell's court the other day for stealing coal from cars at the Kentucky Midland Depot. The women were each fined five dollars and costs, and Breckinridge was fined twenty dollars.

THE NEWS was remembered last week by the Power Grocery Co., with a generous sample of its own brand of home roasted coffee, "Bourbon Java." The coffee has been tried and found to be the equal, if not the superior, of any brand on the market.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY R. B. Franklin has refused to accede to the request of Judge Pirtle, counsel for the insurance companies recently fined at Frankfort, for the postponement of similar cases in Bourbon, Scott and Woodford counties until the Appellate Court passes on the Franklin county case.

THE L. & N. statement of estimated gross earnings for the third week of January, 1899, places the earnings at \$448,650, an increase of \$31,370 over the corresponding period of last year. For three weeks of January the earnings were \$1,272,485, an increase of \$50,710 over the same period of last year.

Twenty five per cent. discount on all winter underwear at Price & Co.'s, clothiers.

Renting of Woodford Land.

AUCTIONEER FORTSYTH rented at public auction Saturday, for C. M. Thomas, receiver, the following lands, etc., belonging to the estate of Thomas Woodford, deceased:

Tract No. 1—224.81 acres, to R. P. Hopkins, at \$3.27 1/2 per acre.

Tract No. 2—116 acres, to E. F. Rash, at \$3.35 per acre.

Tract No. 3—74.3 acres to Junius D. Stone, at \$3.20 per acre.

Tract No. 4—147.36 acres to J. D. Stone, at \$3.55 per acre.

Tract No. 5—132 acres, 1 road and 25 poles to R. B. Hutchcraft, at \$3.30 per acre.

Tract No. 6—100 acres to J. D. Ockerman, at \$4.10 per acre.

Tract No. 7—78 acres, 2 roads and 13 poles, to John H. Stewart at \$3 per acre.

Tract No. 8—147 acres, 3 roads and 23 poles to J. H. Goff, at \$3.85 per acre.

Tract No. 9—30 acres, 2 roads and 14 poles, to Dr. J. M. Woodford, for \$400.

Tract No. 10—Brick warehouse at Spears' Mill to Ben Woodford for \$50.

None of the above land is to be cultivated—all in grass—and the leases extend from March 1, 1899, till March 1, 1900.

Hunting in the South.

G. S. Varden, of this city, Dr. Wiley, of Lexington, and Robert Bartell, of Somerset, have returned from a hunt in Louisiana in company with five city officials from Vicksburg, Miss. Their camp was located in a primeval forest on the banks of the Tensen river, forty miles from Vicksburg. They had fair success hunting on the swamps and bayous, killing wild ducks, turkeys, snipe, squirrels and a deer. Their camp was located on an immense plantation owned by the Richmonds, of New Orleans, and had on it several abandoned cotton-gins.

Jake Gay, of Clark, has returned from a hunting trip in Florida in company with several friends. They killed eleven deer besides wild turkeys, duck, snipe, etc. Gay is credited with four deer, according to the Orlando Reporter.

Changes of Residence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Spears will move this week to the farm of Mr. A. H. Bedford, near Paris.

Chas. E. Butler and family will this week move into the Episcopal rectory on Mt. Airy avenue, lately vacated by Henry Is. figs.

E. O. Fretwell has rented the residence of Mrs. Anne Lucas, on Second street.

Watch For This One.

No one knows that there is a sucker born every minute better than the street fakir. Down at Russellville court day a slick stranger sold a wagon load of ten-cent silver spoons at one dollar per set. Then he returned \$3, which a fool loaned him, with \$1.50 for a present. Another sucker then loaned him \$10 and he has got it yet. People who read the papers do not go up against these something-for-nothing schemes.

Jailer Jones Resigns.

W. C. Jones, who has been jailer of Bourbon several years, resigned his office last week, and Allen ("Bud") Kiser was appointed by Judge Purnell to succeed Mr. Jones. The retiring jailer was a faithful officer and a popular gentleman. The new jailer who qualified Saturday, has been turnkey at the jail for several years, and is thoroughly familiar with the duties of the office. He will make a good jailer.

Exchanged Pulpits.

REV. RIDOUT, pastor of the Episcopal Church, in Cynthiana, and Rev. J. S. Meredyth, pastor of St. Peter's Church, in this city, exchanged pulpits Sunday and each congregation was delighted with a fine sermon.

Miss Ella Martin has been engaged to sing every Sunday at St. Peter's Church, in this city.

The Cake Winners.

THE Tacky Carnival at the rink Friday night was a great success, and was attended by a very large crowd. There were about thirty "tacky" persons on the skating surface, the prizes being voted to Pearce Paton and Miss Grace Swearingen. The rink continues to be a place of popular amusement.

COTSWOLD EWES.—33 pure bred Cotswold ewes descended from Jos. Penn's fine flock. All bred to one of Hal Woodford's fine bucks. For sale by C. V. HIGGINS, Paris, Ky. (24jan-2w)

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

S. S. ABNEY, mail carrier, will haul light baggage to and from depot. Terms very reasonable. Leave orders at Post-office. (tf)

NEW YORK, Edam, pine-apple, Neufchatel cheese. (tf) NEWTON MITCHELL.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mrs. S. L. Yeager is quite ill.

—A. J. Gorey, is spending a few days in Cincinnati.

—Mr. C. A. Danaherty has been very ill for several days.

—Mr. J. B. Kennedy, who has been quite ill, is improving.

—Dr. Julius Purnell will arrive home from Louisville to-day.

—Mrs. Amanda Redmon is very ill at her home on Jacktown pike.

—Mr. J. W. Davis left Saturday for New York to buy new goods.

—Capt. Chas. Winn is registered at the Shorehan, in Washington.

—Mr. John A. Shropshire, of Georgetown, was in the city, Saturday.

—Mr. Ira Sumpter, of Clark, was in the city visiting lady friends last week.

—Mrs. Sidney G. Clay and Miss Nannie Wilson were in Cincinnati Saturday.

—Mr. Yancey Freeman, of Lexington, was the guest of Mr. Albert Hinton Sunday.

—G. W. Sidener is ill at the residence of his brother-in-law, Edward G. Bedford.

—Mr. E. J. McKimey, who has been confined to his bed for several weeks, is improving.

—Misses Lizzie and Maggie Lowry, of Shelby county, are the guests of Mrs. C. Arnsperger.

—Mrs. George D. Boldrick, of Lebanon, is the guest of her son, Mr. R. L. Boldrick, on High street.

—Miss Dollie Yeager has returned home from an extended visit to relatives in Clark and Montgomery counties.

—Charles R. Colcord has arrived here from Perry, Oklahoma, to visit his uncle, F. P. Colcord, who is seriously ill.

—Miss Mary Champ, who has been spending a fortnight in the city to have her throat treated, returned Saturday to Millersburg.

—Misses Ellen Howse and Dee Dudley, of Carlisle, were in the city yesterday afternoon en route home from a visit in Winchester.

—Mr. B. A. Frank left Saturday for New York to meet his brother, Lieut. Ben. Frank, who is returning home from Porto Rico.

—Mr. Alex. Baird, the handsome Pullman conductor, who now has a run between Cincinnati and Jacksonville, is in the city on a short visit.

—Mr. Victor Dodge and bride have returned to Lexington after a visit to the Dodge home, near this city.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dodge will board with Mrs. Knight, on South Limestone.

—J. G. Montgomery, of Cynthiana, sailed Saturday from New York with a party of Indianapolis and Cincinnati people for a cruise through the Mediterranean and the Orient.

—Miss Bessie Armstrong left yesterday for Lexington, where she will remain until her father removes with his family to this city about the first of March, when they will get possession of the home on Mt. Airy avenue.

Now is your chance to buy goods at cost. Everything goes this week. Monarch shirts, 75 cents; E. & W. collars, 10 cents. H. S. STOUT.

TWENTY stores in New York paid \$2,000,000 last year for advertising in the city papers. John Wannamaker heads the list with \$325,000; Seigel Cooper Company next with \$300,000, and on down to the lowest, which is \$15,000. All have made larger advertising appropriations for this year—and still there are those who claim that advertising does not pay.

YESTERDAY County Clerk E. D. Paton showed THE NEWS a souvenir which was sent him by Sergeant Caspar Jones, of Company G., 69th New York, which is now stationed at Manila. Sergeant Jones came home last week on a sick furlough. The souvenir is a biscuit made from grain grown in the Philippines, and it is baked until it resembles charcoal. In this state it is used as medicine, being good for indigestion and other complaints.

The New Second Regiment.

COL. ROGER D. WILLIAMS, of the proposed new Second Regiment, Kentucky State Guard, says the formation of the regiment is progressing nicely. There will be twelve companies, two being from Lexington. The other companies will most likely come from Paris, Frankfort, Mt. Sterling, Richmond, Lawrenceburg, Bowling Green, Hopkinsville and other towns. An attempt is being made to have the city of Lexington erect an armory.

Use Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour—for sale by all grocers. Ask for it. Take no other.

TRY our Leader Coffee—six pounds for \$1.00. F. B. McDERMOTT.

Rev. Pearson's Meeting.

REV. R. G. PEARSON, of Asheville, N. C., began a protracted meeting Sunday at the Second Presbyterian Church, making a most favorable impression upon the two large audiences which heard him preach. His subject at the morning service was "Justification by Faith Alone—Justification by Works Also," and his subject for the evening discourse was "Sowing and Reaping." Rev. Pearson is a forcible speaker whose sermons are interesting and abound in apt illustrations and sharp pointed truths.

The various churches are invited to co-operate in the meeting and it is expected that it will be one of the best ever held in Paris. The attendance is increasing at each service, and Rev. Pearson announces that if the church is not large enough to contain the audience he will preach in the court house. He states positively that the meeting will only continue two weeks, and advises persons who wish to enjoy the meeting to attend all of the services. He also announces that the evening services will begin promptly at seven and the sermon will be commenced promptly at half past seven, and earnestly asks everybody to arrive early so as not to disturb the services.

Beginning this morning and continuing during the meeting, Mrs. Pearson will conduct a meeting for women only, lasting from ten to eleven.

Rev. Pearson will hold a morning service each day beginning at eleven o'clock, to which business men are especially invited. He announces that the services begin when the town clock strikes eleven and that he quits preaching when it strikes twelve whether the sermon is finished or not. The meeting yesterday morning was largely attended, his theme being "How To Use The Scriptures." A pamphlet which was distributed showed what to use for the "indifferent," the "penitent," the "deferring," the "faint-hearted," the "good enough," the "backsliders," the "can't-give-it-up class," and "the unbelievers."

Rev. Pearson's subject last night was "Regeneration." He will preach to-night on "The Atonement."

Three Fires In a Night.

THE Paris Fire Department was called three times after midnight Sunday to extinguish incendiary fires.

The first alarm, which came at half-past one from box 18, was caused by a blaze in Vance & Cable's photograph gallery on the corner of Eighth and Main streets. The fire was probably caused by an incendiary, as the door and one of the side windows was open. The building was insured for \$200 and the fixtures for \$400 in Smith & Arnsperger's agency. Another blaze in the gallery at five o'clock caused the fire department to make another run to it.

At half-past four the burning of John Obilders' grocery on Eighth street caused another alarm to be sent in from box 24. The building was destroyed. The house was insured for \$200 and the stock for \$300 in Smith & Arnsperger's agency.

Mann & Fehrman's mule sheds on Second street were destroyed Saturday afternoon about four o'clock by a fire which probably started from a match carelessly dropped in some hay. A number of mules were in the shed but all were safely removed. The fire destroyed a \$175 wagon and feed valued at several hundred dollars. The fire was extinguished before it reached the big stable.

The shed was insured for \$600 in Forman & Parrish's agency.

February Weather.

Prof. Irl R. Hicks predicts for February: About 1st, fair weather, growing warmer with rain or snow 4th to 5th; very much warmer 8th to 9th and storms 10th to 12th. Cold wave 14th to 16th. From 21st into March some of the heaviest sleet storms of the whole winter. He hit it on January weather, predicting the warm weather from the 17th to 21st, and rain, snow and sleet 23d to 26th.

PROF. E. W. WEAVER's story "Paul's Trip With The Moon" has been adopted by the Greater New York Board of Education. Another school work, written by Prof. Weaver several years ago, has gone into its second edition.

WANTED.—Local or traveling salesmen to sell our Oils, Greases and Petroleum on commission exclusively, or as a side line. Goods guaranteed and prices low. PENN PETROLATUM CO., Oil Refiners. CORAOPOLIS, PA. (1t)

We are the people's friends. We repair your linen and put neck bands on free. HAGGARD & REED.

Insure your property against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co., a safe and reliable company. O. W. MILLER, Agent, Paris, Ky.

Cottage For Rent.

Nice cottage of four rooms, apply to C. ARNSPARGER.

NEW, SPRING

DRESS GOODS,
WHITE GOODS,
EMBROIDERIES,
LACES,
HOSIERY, Etc.

Arriving daily. at

G. TUCKER'S

CONDON'S
Actual Facts Plainly Stated.

To close out all our Winter Goods in the next 60 days we have marked down all our stock to figures beyond comparison for goods of equal quality.

All our Ladies' and Children's Capes and Jackets at cost.

Special reduction in Dress Goods, \$1.00 goods now 69c, comprising Satin Berbers, Broadcloths and English Coverts.

Large line of All Wool Dress Goods at 25c and 39c per yd; formerly 50c and 75c.

See our extra wide Table Linen at 50c per yd. worth double; and our 3 size Dinner Napkins at \$1.00 worth fully twice as much.

Full line of Zephyr, Ice Wool, Sherry and Germantown Yarn.

Embroidery Silks and Materials of all descriptions at cut prices.

Ladies' and children's Seamless Hose, 25c quality for 10c per pair. The best value in Paris.

Blankets from 39c to \$3.50 per pair, reduced to one-half of former prices.

Standard brands of Bleached cotton, 5c.

Best Unbleached cotton, 5c.

Very best Percales at 8c.

10-4 Sheeting, 12 1/2 and 15c.

Handsome Pictures and Rocking Chairs Given Away.

If you cannot read this small print at a distance of 14 inches your eyesight is failing and should have immediate attention:

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THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owners
BRUCE MILLER, Editor and Owners

RILEY'S FOLKS.

Sometimes, when things don't seem to go
"right" about the place,
When "bein' pore" seems jes' as bad as bein'
in disgrace,
When everything goes wrong, you know,
as sometimes they will do,
And the blue that should be in the sky is
all panned up in you—
It's then I like to jes' sit down all by my-
self somewheres,
With one o' Riley's books, to sort o' brighten
up affairs.

Them people Riley writes about has red
blood in their veins,
They're folks that lives and breathes,
they've got their joys and aches and
pains;
Each one o' 'em has got a heart—you al-
most feel it beat;
They're not imaginary folks, they're peo-
ple that we meet,
And when they stand before me as he
paints 'em I'm inclined
To feel a sort o' proudness that I'm one o'
Riley's kind.

I mind how kind o' choked I was when my
boy went away,
Tears wouldn't come and seemed as if the
load grew ev'ry day;
I couldn't bear to hear folks tell how bad
they felt fer me,
Until, one day, I got a book that Riley'd
wrote, and see

That pome on Little Wesley! Well, the
tears come freely then,
And so I took the burden up and pushed
ahead agen.

Some people want to live in towns and put
on lots o' style,
They'd like to roll in money and do nothin'
all the while,
But I'm not one o' them, they ain't the sort
o' stuff, you bet.

That made this land the gloriouslest
sun has shone on yet!
I want to stay where nature planned it
best fer me to be—
To love and live with Riley's folks, that's
good enough fer me.

—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

The Breaker

By Barry Pain

IN APPEARANCE he was about as
commonplace as other people—a
middle-aged man, inclined to portli-
ness. As the train moved on he dis-
cussed commonplace subjects with me
in a commonplace way. I should not
have been surprised to have been told
that he was a stock broker, or a solici-
tor, or that he was engaged in the tea
trade. In the course of our chat some-
thing happened to be said about curi-
ous occupations.

"Well," said my companion, "I do not
suppose that there is any more curious
occupation than my own. I am a
breaker."

He had not at all the appearance of a
man used to horses; but I suggested
"A horse-breaker, you mean?"

"No," he said, "just a plain breaker. A
man who breaks things, breaks any-
thing that requires to be broken; gets
his living by breaking things that any
one wants broken."

I glanced nervously at the communi-
cator, though he looked even less like a
lunatic than he did like a horse-
breaker.

"I see," he said, smiling. "That I must
explain. When I left Cambridge, with
a classical degree, no prospects, and no
influence, I looked about for a profes-
sion. I found everything overcrowded;
besides, none of the professions ap-
pealed to me at all. I like to travel
about a little, and I enjoy social life.
I like talking—talking to anyone. I
hate work of any kind. This being the
case, I looked about me to see if there

to know of. Then I said: 'Recommend
me to your friends,' for already I saw
the possibility of my future profes-
sion. He mentioned me to some half
dozen people he knew, some of whom I
had never seen in my life before. They
sent me invitations to their houses, and
indicated the objects on which I was to
operate. In my first week I broke, I
remember, a lamp shaded like an owl,
an oil painting, a tea service and a din-
ing-room table."

"But an oil painting," I said. "How
does one break an oil painting?"

"It is simple enough," he said. "I
first of all undid the wires so that the
picture fell; then, picking it up, I put
my foot through the face. It was a
portrait of my host's wife's aunt. It
was more difficult to break the dining-
room table. I recollect that it became
necessary for the purpose to invent a
somewhat boisterous form of round
game. Even then we had to play it for
three evenings before the legs came off.

When I left this house my host handed
me a check, and promised to recom-
mend me to other people. I never ad-
vertised, and I have more breaking to do
than I can possibly find time for. If I
could find a young man with plenty of
tact, I would take him as an assistant."

"It must need some tact," I sug-
gested.

"It does, indeed. It so often happens
that I am employed by the husband
without the knowledge of the wife, or
by the wife without the knowledge of
the husband. Even with the utmost
tact one gets one's self disliked, but
that I must put up with. The other day
one of my clients asked me to come to
his house to break a dinner service.

I dined there and made myself as pleas-
ant as I could, and told several good
stories. But, then, I also broke the
dinner service, or most of it, and it was
one to which my hostess was much at-
tached. She said to him afterwards, 'I
will never have that brute in my house
again!'"

"And what did he say?"

"He said: 'I fully agree with you,
my dear. To the best of my belief,
the man was drunk. If he had not been
the son of an old college friend I should
never have asked him at all.' That was
a little mean; but, then, it was neces-
sary for him to cover himself in some
way, and as I never break a dinner ser-
vice under £25 I received some solatium
for the indignity."

"Have you got any engagements at
present?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "I am going to one
now, but it is a trifling thing, requir-
ing no tact at all. Had I an assistant
I should have sent him. I am to go
the day after a wedding reception, when
the presents are being packed. Those
which, from their ugliness or worthles-
ness, are not worth packing up and
sending to the bridegroom's distant
home have been placed on a separate
shelf. I shall upset that shelf and ac-
cidentally stamp on anything which is
not broken in the fall. The job won't
take five minutes, and I get three
guineas for it. I am doing it for the
bridegroom without the knowledge of
the bride. Men begin to deceive women
very soon, I find."

"I have," I said, "one or two little ob-
jects in my own home which—"

But at this moment the train entered
Victoria station, and, though I man-
aged to complete my sentence and my
companion said that he would be glad
at any time to oblige me or my friends,
in the confusion of our arrival I neg-
lected to take his name or to give him
mine.—Black and White.

ROME OF OLD.

The City as It Appeared to the Hero of
a Story of the Twelfth
Century.

Gilbert had reached Paris in the train
of Duke Geoffrey in September; the
Christmas bells were ringing when he
first caught sight of the walls and tow-
ers of Rome. As he drew rein on the
crest of a low hill, the desolate brow
waste of the Campagna stretched be-
hind him mile upon mile to northward,
toward the impenetrable forests of
Viterbo, and Rome was at last before
him. Before him rose the huge, half-
ruined walls of Aurelian, battered by
Goth and Saracen and imperial Greek;
before him towered the fortress of Had-
rian's tomb, vast, impregnable, ferocious.
Here and there above the city's bat-
lements rose dark and slender towers,
square and round, marking the places
where strong robbers had fortified
themselves within the city. But from
the point where Gilbert halted Rome
seemed but a long brown ruin with
portions standing whole, as brown as
the rest under the bright depths of
vaulted blue, unflecked by the least
fleck of cloud in the matchless
clearness of the winter's morning.
Profound disappointment came upon
him as he looked. With little knowl-
edge and hardly any information from
others who had journeyed by the same
road, he had built himself an imaginary
city of unspeakable beauty, wherein
graceful churches rose out of the sunlit
streets and fair open places planted
with lordly avenues of trees. There,
in his thoughts, walked companies of
men with faces like the face of the
great Bernard, splendid with inno-
cence, radiant with the hope of life.
Thither in his fancy, came the true
knights of the earth, purified of sin by
vigils in the holy places of the east, to
renew unbroken vows of chastity and
charity and faith. There, in his dream,
dwelt the venerable father of bishops,
the vicar of Christ, the successor of
Peter, the spotless head of the Holy
Roman Catholic and Apostolic church.
There, in his heart, he had made the
dwelling of whatsoever things are up-
right and just and perfect in Heaven,
and pure and beautiful on earth. That
was the city of God, of which his soul
was the architect, and in which he was
to be a dweller, in peace that should
pass understanding.—Marion Crawford,
in Century.



"PUT MY FOOT THROUGH THE FACE"
was not a chance for some new profes-
sion; if among our million wants there
was not one that was not already sup-
plied.

"The idea came to me by accident. I
was stopping at my uncle's house when
he received as a present from his wife's
brother a singularly ugly but very valu-
able pair of oriental vases. My wife's
brother was frequently in my uncle's
house, and therefore these abominable
things had to be displayed. I heard him
grumbling about this. I suggested that
he should sell them. The idea was, of
course, absurd; he told me so. Nor, he
said, could he break them himself, for
his wife's brother would never forgive
him; nor could he ask his wife to break
them, because, although he has been
married 15 years, he felt that he did not
know her well enough; nor could he
ask the servants to break them, for
that would encourage carelessness and
thriftlessness on their part.

"That is all right," I said. I rose
from my place and smashed the vases,
one after the other, on the floor. 'Sorry
I was so clumsy,' I said; 'you had bet-
ter ring, and have this rubbish cleared
away.'

"He rang and told the servant that I
had broken them accidentally. When
she had gone he said, without a smile:
'It seems rather a pity.' I said: 'I am
short of ready money. Could you lend
me five pounds?' He wrote me a check
for 20, and said that I was a useful man

ABSURDITIES OF FASHION.

Something About New and Old Oddi-
ties of Vanity Worn by
Women.

How many are there, even of those
who are old enough to have worn the
articles, who readily remember just
how absurd the fashions of the years
1860 and 1870, inclusive, and just a year
or two more, were? The outrageous
hoopskirt, which made it impossible to
enter a church pew or go up the aisle
of a railway train decorously; the hor-
rible head constructions known as the
waterfall, the chignon and other ab-
surd names, made with a framework of
wire and stiffened lace, woolen or hair
rolls known as "rats," and covered with
the hair of the unfortunate wearer,
heavy, hot and noxious to say the least,
and most uncomfortable; the so-called
"Grecian bend" that came in when
hoops went out of fashion, which con-
strained the foolish devotee to walk in
a painfully deformed attitude, with the
hands dangling helplessly in order to
be in keeping with the general idiocy
of the whole affair—all these are happi-
ly things of the past, but not even those
who patronized these fashions can re-
member quite how badly they looked
unless they see them revived, as was
the case in a play lately put upon the
New York stage, where the attire of the
women in the cast included the enor-
mous hoop and also the chignon.

It is said that on this occasion the
audience went into such fits of laughter
that the play was quite drowned, and
was like to have been ruined. The ex-
treme of the fashion of to-day will look
quite as badly ten or twenty years from
now—at least the hat, with its high
trimmings, must do so. It is well to
preserve a happy medium in fashion as
in other passing shows.

It is to be said that we go no farther
than laughing at what is absurd, but if
one can believe what London papers say
it is positively unsafe to be novel in
England. According to the paper a
lady came from one of the side streets
into the Strand dressed in what the re-
porter (undoubtedly a man) guesses
was meant for a "new woman's" cycling
dress, which, he says, was a "somewhat
picturesque costume" and consisted of
"a tailor-made Roman toga of gray
cloth, which reached to her knees, an
elaborate frilled collar, black stockings,
tight-laced boots and a little black
straw hat."

She was, it appears, at once surround-
ed and beset by a crowd of large boys,
when she endeavored to escape them by
taking a bus the conductor would not
allow it on the ground that she was a
"guy," and she had "a severe tussle
with her rowdy tormentors" before she
finally got away. This was truly Eng-
lish. Think of such a thing happening
on Broadway! But what can the wom-
an have had on? The "tailor-made Ro-
man toga" staggers the understanding.
—Chicago Chronicle.

DRINK MORE WATER.

A Prominent Physician Thinks Peo-
ple Don't Use Enough in
Winter.

"My opinion is that people do not
drink as much water during the fall and
winter season as they should," ob-
served a well-known physician, "or as
much as is positively necessary for
them, having health in view. There are
thousands of people who do not drink
one glass of water during the entire
day, people, too, who drink from three
to six glasses daily during other sea-
sons of the year.

"Water is as necessary during the
cool as during the warm seasons and
those who keep up their usual quantity
regardless of seasons are benefited
thereby in their general health. I do
not believe in gulping down water just
because it is convenient to drink it,
but I do believe that drinking a regular
liberal quantity of water each day is
demanded by the system, and that what
are known as water drinkers have on
the whole much better health by so do-
ing. There are many people who have
such a horror of getting stout that they
never drink a drop of water except that
which goes into their coffees, teas and
soups, and many of them carry it so far
as to give up these so as to avoid using
water.

"I have yet to see the man or woman
who has been made fat by drinking
water, while I know many who have
grown stout by avoiding it. The kid-
neys cannot properly work unless there
are liquids consumed. Stimulating
drinks, beer and the like, may furnish
the liquids, but the stimulation they
cause and which is unnecessary for per-
fect health more than counteracts the
benefits derived from their use. Take
any of the animals and it will be found
they drink a regular supply of water
every day in the year—that is, when
they have any choice in the matter. It
is a pretty safe rule to follow the habits
of animals. I am sure none of them
grow fat on water alone."—Washing-
ton Star.

Business Partnership of Matrimony.
The time to begin to learn from each
other is when people are first married,
when life is still a playground to them,
and when romantic love condones what
in later years might seem nagging or
carping criticism. We are all creatures
of habit. If we get used to the business
partnership of matrimony in our youth
it becomes second nature, and not a
hardship nor a disillusionment. If peo-
ple would take time to understand each
other, and to cultivate mutual confi-
dence, how much easier married life
would become—in fact, all life! To be
sure, we only hear of the unhappy mar-
riages, while great numbers of people
are plodding on together silently and
happily. But there is enough friction
to warrant this kind of consideration,
because even those who are at all ap-
pearances contented might make more
of life if they looked upon marriage as
an equal partnership.—Frances Evans,
in Ladies' Home Journal.

SOME NEW CAKES.

Directions for Preparing Several
Very Nice Wintertime
Dainties.

The most delicious cakes can be made
with nuts, and now we have a fresh
supply of walnuts and filberts the
fancy for them can be indulged. Wal-
nut cake is good, either with chopped
nuts mixed in the cake when it is made
or with a layer of walnut cream be-
tween two slices of cake. For the
first, cream four ounces of butter, add
six ounces of sifted sugar, and cream
again; then put in the beaten yolks of
three eggs, and, when well mixed, sift
in seven ounces of flour and a good tea-
spoonful of baking powder. If more
moistening is necessary, use milk or
cream, but the whites of the eggs, beat-
en to a stiff froth, will, of course,
moisten the mixture. To this quantity
of ingredients half a pound of peeled
walnuts, which have been roughly
chopped, will be required, and they
should be mixed in last of all. Bake
the mixture in a buttered tin for about
an hour, and, if wished, with white
soft icing, garnishing with the halves
of walnuts. The mixture for the layer
cake may be made in the same way.
When it is cold cut in half or thirds,
according to the thickness of the cake;
then spread the following filling be-
tween the slices. The top can be
garnished as liked: Cream four ounces
of fresh butter or thick cream, add ten
ounces of icing sugar, a wineglassful of
liqueur, and work until quite smooth,
then add ten ounces of peeled and
chopped walnuts.

A good kind of sandwich cake, which
is nice eaten hot, may be made with
bananas. Make the cake as follows,
using flat, shallow tins to bake in:
Cream four ounces of butter with four
ounces of sugar, add three eggs alter-
nately with four ounces of flour, and
flavoring vanilla or rosewater to taste,
half a teaspoonful of baking powder
and a dessertspoonful of cocoanut.
Have rather a quick oven, and bake till
a light brown. For the filling put some
fully ripe bananas through a sieve,
and to two tablespoonfuls of the puree
add a tablespoonful of apricot jam,
with sugar to taste, a little lemon juice
and a teaspoonful of some liquor, if
liked. These cakes, if served hot, are
better for standing a few minutes
when turned out of the tins, otherwise
they are apt to be heavy if the fruit
mixture is put on at once.

Some people are fond of yeast cakes,
but they are not often met with, ex-
cept very plain ones. The following is
a more pretentious kind, and should
be very light. Sift a pound of fine flour
in a basin, and make a well in the center.
Cream half an ounce of German
yeast with a little sugar, and half a
pint of tepid milk. Mix this into the
flour in a sponge, and leave all night.
Next day add the rest of the yeast, dis-
solved in about half a pint more milk,
a good pinch of salt, three ounces of
sugar, four ounces of dissolved butter,
three eggs, well beaten, and the grated
rind of one lemon. Beat the whole well
with the hand, and put in some raisins
and currants, two ounces of each. But-
ter a tin mold and sprinkle in some
finely-chopped almonds, fill it three
parts full of the cake mixture; let the
latter rise in a warm place till it fills
the tin, then bake in a good oven for
an hour. If the eggs are large the whole
of the second-half a pint of milk will
not be required, so that it is a good
plan only to dissolve the yeast in a lit-
tle of the milk, and to add the rest if
the cake appears too dry. It should be
a good deal moister than the dough for
bread, but not so moist for baking
powder cakes, or the fruit will fall to
the bottom while the dough is raising.

The orange cake is a well-established
favorite, but an orange-almond cake is
a novelty. Cream the yolks of four
eggs with four ounces of sugar till
thick and white, sift in six ounces of
flour, five ounces of ground almonds,
the rind and juice of one orange, and,
lastly, the whites of eggs beaten to a
stiff froth. Bake in a flat tin in a mod-
erate oven for half an hour.—Philadel-
phia Times.

INQUIRY SOON ABANDONED.
The Father Stops Questioning When
His Smart Son Mixes Slang
and History.

A ten-year-old Cedar avenue boy is
quite a reader, considering his tender
age, and his father delighted in encour-
aging his literary taste. Not long ago
the father suggested to the boy that he
should read up on the life and death of
Nathan Hale, the spy and hero of the
revolution.

A few evenings later the father asked
the lad if he had carried out his request.
The boy said he had.

"Who was Nathan Hale?" the father
inquired.

"He was strung up by the British
soldiers," was the somewhat irreverent
reply.

"You should say hanged," said the
father.

"Strung up is just the same," said
the boy.

"No," said the father, "it isn't just
the same."

"Well," said the boy, "it's just the
same to Nathan Hale."

This was something of a poser, and
the father discreetly changed the sub-
ject.

"And why did the British hang Na-
than Hale?" he asked.

"Because," replied the boy promptly,
"because he rubbed for General Wash-
ington."

This atrocious definition of a spy's
duties was too much for the father, and
he promptly dropped the Hale inquiry
there and then.—Cleveland Plain Deal-
er.

He Knew.
Grandma—What do they mean by the
"ante-bellum times?"
Grandpa—Oh! That means "way
back in the times before we were mar-
ried."—Puck.

HUMOROUS.

"Are these real down pillows?" "Oh,
no, they're only marked."—Yonkers
Statesman.

"What can equal the warmth of a
true woman's love?" asked the dearest
girl. "Her temper," replied the savage
bachelor.—Tit-Bits.

"What makes you think the English-
man regards his engagement as a
joke?" "Because he takes it so serious-
ly."—Brooklyn Life.

Where there is one woman who trims
her own bonnet there are scores who
pick other women's bonnets to pieces.
—Boston Transcript.

What Spoiled It.—Newcomer (at winter
health resort)—"Is this a restful
place?" Native—"Wal, it used to be
until people began comin' here to rest."
—Puck.

"Love may be blind, Mr. Cheaply,"
said Miss Quickstep, coldly, as she
handed him back his ring with the al-
leged sapphire, "but it isn't stone
blind."—Town Topics.

"What will happen to you if you are
good, little boy?" asked the kindly old
lady. "I'll get a stick of candy for be-
ing good." "And what will happen to
you if you are bad?" "I'll get two
sticks of candy for promising to try to
be good."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Oh, that I should have married a
funny man!" she wailed. "What is the
matter, dear?" asked her most intimate
friend. "He came home and told me he
had a sure way to keep jelly from
molding at the top, and when I asked
him how, he said to turn it upside
down."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A German actor played the role of
the parricide Franz in Schiller's "Rob-
bers" so realistically in a remote village
that several indignant peasants way-
laid him after the performance and
gave him a sound thrashing. While the
blows were falling thick the actor ex-
claimed, proudly: "I thank you gen-
tlemen. This is the happiest hour of
my life."—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE NEWEST NAPOLEON.

If He Succeeds He Will Be Entitled
the Fifth of That Illus-
trious Name.

France has the best army in the
world—on paper. Insulted by England,
afraid of Germany, uncertain of Rus-
sia, and worse than all, uncertain of
herself, she lacks a number of things,
but most, perhaps, a man. It is re-
mored that there is a coup d'etat in
preparation, and that presently the
man will appear. The latter is Napoleon
V. We must not believe everything we
see in the papers, yet, should the
rumor be correct, he would not be un-
welcome. In the present circumstances
a word or two concerning him may be
of interest.

At present a colonel of the guards at
St. Petersburg, he has three character-
istics. He is a great shap with the
girls. That is promising. He wears no
decorations. That is the mark of a
really distinguished soldier. He in-
sists on being addressed as "imperial
highness." That is the prelude to "sire."
Still young, good looking without be-
ing alarmingly so, at his hours when
the French call charmer, he has suc-
ceeded in charming the czar. In view
of France's spianel crouch at that door
this means a good deal. His name, too,
is potent. Napoleon may rhyme with
Sedan, but it rhymes even better with
Austerlitz.

"But why, it has been asked should
the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte be
Napoleon V.? For two reasons. First,
because the prince imperial would have
been Napoleon IV.—would have been,
that is, provided other things were fa-
vorable; second, because there is luck in
odd numbers—particularly in his fam-
ily. It is worth noting that the third
emperor, in spite of the king of Rome,
intended to call himself Napoleon II.;
but after the coup d'etat, when his
name was billeted, that which the
printer had intended for three excla-
mation points after it was mistaken for
the numeral III. Being of good augury,
it was accepted. It is in this way that
history is made.—Collier's Weekly.

Salaries of Presidents.
Very few persons would suspect how
small the salaries of presidents of re-
publics are, when the enormous
amounts crowned heads receive are
taken into consideration. The foreign-
er often thinks the \$50,000 salary of the
president of the United States is merely
a joke, and that he receives ten times
as much in reality, but the same fore-
igner may not know that the French
president, in a country where the
wealthiest monarchs once reigned, re-
ceives only \$120,000 a year. The presi-
dent of the little Andorra republic con-
tents himself with a salary of \$15 a
year, and the president of the Swiss re-
public must be satisfied with \$3,000.—
Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Government Tonsorial Annex.
The United States government shaves
its senators; likewise it cuts their hair
and trims their whiskers. Three na-
groes, one drawing \$1,000 per annum
and the others receiving \$840 apiece,
are paid to keep our senators well
groomed as to their heads. No one has
ever been able to tell precisely why the
government looks after the personal
appearance of its senators. As the dis-
bursing officers of the senate said re-
cently, this is the custom which has
prevailed from time immemorial. It is
assumed that the custom is adhered to
because there is a precedent for it; and
the senate is wedded to precedents.—
Chicago Chronicle.

Killed by Hailstorm.
During the extraordinary hailstorm
which visited Manila on October 19 sev-
eral goats were killed while at pasture
on Corradino. The hailstones are de-
scribed as being of abnormal size. In
many cases they were larger than a
good-sized duck egg, in some places
larger than an orange, and several are
said to have weighed half a pound.—
Cincinnati Enquirer.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p.
m.; 10:10 p. m.
From Lexington—5:11 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.;
3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—5:05 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.;
3:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—5:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.;
3:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.;
5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.;
10:16 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.
F. B. CARR, Agent.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

Lv Louisville..... 8:30am 8:00pm
Ar Lexington..... 11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Lexington..... 11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester..... 11:55am 9:20pm 9:15am 6:20pm
Ar Mt. Sterling..... 12:25pm 9:50pm 9:50am 7:50pm
Ar Washington..... 6:55am 3:40pm
Ar Philadelphia..... 10:15am 7:05pm
Ar New York..... 12:40pm 9:05pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester..... 7:30am 4:50pm 6:55am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington..... 8:30am 5:20pm 8:30am 5:50pm
Ar Frankfort..... 9:11am 6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville..... 10:01am 7:21pm
Ar Louisville..... 11:00am 8:15pm

Trains marked thus run daily ex-

cept Sunday; other trains run daily.

Through Sleepers between Louisville,

Lexington and New York without ex-

change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or

any information call on

F. B. CARR,

Agent L. & N. R. R.,

Do You Want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But come to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption.

Put one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

A whole Medical Library Free.

For four cents in stamps to pay postage, we will send you sixteen medical books.

Medical Advice Free.

We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Unusual opportunities and long experience enable us to give you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, weak digestion. I found CASCARETS to be all I needed for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend CASCARETS whenever the opportunity is presented."

J. A. SMITH, 2920 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Create Dependence. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 200 NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

After-Effects of the GRIP

Grip is a treacherous disease. You think it is cured and the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are always left in a weakened condition—blood impure and impoverished; nerves shattered. Pneumonia, heart disease and nervous prostration are often the result.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. A trial will prove this. Read the evidence:

When the grip last visited this section Herman H. Evers, 6781 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., a well-known contractor and builder, was one of the victims, and he has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. A year ago his health began to fail, and he was obliged to discontinue work. That he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and general debility. My back also pained me severely. I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper, and after long deliberation decided to give them a trial. "After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them. "After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased ambition. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and any one suffering from the after-effects of the grip will find that these pills are the specific." H. H. EVERS, from Col. Ch. Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.

Look for the full name on the package. At druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. 50c. per box. 6 boxes \$2.50.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

Small Trees, Grapes, Shrubs, Climbing Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Hardy Plants, Palmettos. Largest and choicest collections in America. BEST NOVELTIES. Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue free. ELLWANGER & BARRY, MOUNT HOPE NURSERY, Rochester, N. Y. Fifty-ninth Year.

STAR PLUG L. & M. NATURAL LEAF PLUG CLIPPER PLUG CORNER STONE PLUG SLEDGE PLUG SCALPING KNIFE PLUG SLEDGE MIXTURE SMOKING LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY, Manufacturers.

Not Made by a TRUST or COMBINE!

Reward for Honesty.

In a small village just outside Nottingham a farm laborer went to the general store, which was kept by an old woman not overstocked with brains, and asked for "a pound of bacon." The old lady produced the bacon and cut a piece off, but could not find the pound weight. "Oh, never mind 't' pahnd weight," said he; "me fist just weighs a pahnd, so put ther bacon in 't' scales." The woman confidently placed the bacon into one side of the scales, while the man put his fist into the other side, and of course took good care to have good weight. While the woman was wrapping the bacon up the pound weight was found, and on seeing it the man said: "Nah you see if me fist don't just weigh a pahnd." The pound weight was accordingly put into one scale and the man's fist into the other, this time only just to balance. The old woman on seeing this said: "Wha, I never seed aught so honest afore! Here's a red herring for thee, my lad."—London Spare Moments.

Reflection of a Bachelor.

The dreariest thing is wasted love. In winter lingerie is just plain underwear. A man doesn't begin to love till his passion becomes of age. He never meant to eat the apple; she only wanted to taste it. The more a woman studies finance the surer she is that nothing makes a thing so clear as a pattern. When a woman resolves to spread sunshine and happiness around her she begins by carrying a sad, wistful look in her eyes and talking in a low, mournful voice.—N. Y. Press.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cure for disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by uniting up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Harmless Stimulant.

Warwick—I read that a French physician has been conducting some very elaborate investigations to discover the most healthful form of amusement or diversion. Wicked wine—Ah, and what did he finally conclude was the most conducive to longevity? "Dueling."—Judge.

Oats—2 1/2 to 3 Inches Long.

The oat marvel—what will 500,000 such long heads per acre weigh? 15,366 lbs.—480 Bushels! Such a yield pays big!

Cut this notice out and send 10 cents postage to JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, LA CROSSE, WIS., and get their great catalogue and 10 Farm Seed Samples free: including Bromus inermis, the greatest grass on earth. Potatoes \$1.20 a Bbl. [K.]

Proud Mother—"Oh, John, the baby can walk!" Cruel Father—"Good. He can walk the floor with himself at night, then."—Tit-Bits.

Stricken with Sciatica? St. Jacobs Oil will strike it out and cure.

The rich and the poor have different reasons for fasting.—Chicago Daily News.

A mixed pain has bruise and sprain. St. Jacobs Oil cures the twin.

Good advice to a drunken wife-beater: Don't liquor.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Why suffer so with Neuralgia? St. Jacobs Oil will drive it all away.

The closer money is the harder it is to get hold of.—Chicago Daily News.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Five new Presbyterian churches have been erected in the Adirondacks the past year.

In 1886 the expense of Prussia for each child in school was six dollars; in 1896 it was nearly nine dollars.

The American Bible society has circulated 4,394,061 volumes in China, of which 560,584 were issued last year.

A famous musician says that 50 per cent. of the Germans understand music, 16 per cent. of the French, and two per cent. of the English.

The highest church in Europe is St. Maria de Ziteit, above Solux. It is 2,434 meters above sea level—nearly 5,000 feet above the forests.

The Methodist Episcopal church board of missions appropriated \$1,174,206 to foreign and domestic missions for 1899—an increase of nearly \$45,000.

Ex-Senator George E. Edmunds, formerly of Vermont, but now a resident of Philadelphia, has been elected a trustee of Jefferson medical college of Pennsylvania.

Bishop Hurst is enthusiastic over the American university of which he is the head, and he declares that it will get \$1,000,000 from the Methodists of Pennsylvania alone.

In Frankfurt, Germany, there is a "reform gymnasium," or high school, which is attracting much attention. It teaches French first, then Latin, and Greek only in the last year.

Commodore Philip has been elected a member of the Young Men's Christian association's international committee, and chairman of the subcommittee in charge of the association's work in the navy.

Pio Nono bequeathed to the church 50,000,000 francs in gold. Leo XIII. has almost doubled that sum, which is deposited among various European banks. The holy see has no debts, those which existed having been all paid by the present pope.

ODD AFFAIR IN BANKING.

Peculiar Manner in Which a Chicago Depositor Indulged in Charity.

"There isn't a great deal of romance in my business," remarked a prominent Chicago banker, "but now and then something turns up out of the ordinary and makes us wonder at the peculiarities of those who have dealings with us. I recall an instance just now which is as yet not explained, and will never be. I fancy, as the chief actor in it was killed some time ago in a railway accident. I never knew the man personally, but he was a depositor in our bank, whose account was a personal one to the extent of \$10,000. He carried that much as a rule, and the few checks that he made against it never indicated what his business was. He was about 50 years of age, and very rarely came to the bank. Naturally I never gave him a thought, for \$10,000 is not a large deposit in Chicago, and beyond his deposit I had no interest in him.

"I happened, therefore, that when one day I received a personal letter from our depositor I was a bit surprised, and was still more so when I read it. I do not recall the exact wording, but it was to the effect that within a day or two a woman would present a check drawn by him for \$5,000, and that as she was unknown he wished me to see that she received the money without trouble, and that she would bring with her a means of identification in the person of a little girl, who would answer correctly the questions I must ask her, as directed in his letter, with the answers as he gave them. These questions were simple enough, being only the child's full name, her age to the month, where born, the full name of her mother, and her father, and of a little brother who was dead. Five thousand dollars was a good deal of money to let go on that kind of evidence, but that was all I had, and the depositor was in California, so that I could not see him personally.

"The next day the paying teller came to me with his eyes bulging, saying that about as hard a looking case of beggar woman as he had ever seen was at his window with a check drawn to the order of Mrs. Blank by Mr. — and that as he did not know the woman and the woman did not know how she was to get the money, he had come to ask me about it. I sent for her to come into my private office, which she did, bringing a little girl with her who was no less a picture of abject poverty than the mother was. All she could say was that she had received the check by mail from a man whose name was not familiar to her, with instructions to present it at the bank and the money would be paid to her, if she would take her little girl with her. I asked the child the questions I had been requested to ask and she answered correctly each one, which relieved me of further responsibility, and I ordered the check to be cashed. The woman did not seem to be greatly overcome by her good fortune, and as I could tell her nothing of the man who had given the money to her she didn't seem to have any further use for me and went back to the paying teller's window. She asked for the money in \$50 bills and, wrapping it up in an old newspaper, went out of the bank without a word to anybody.

"She was no longer at the address she gave when I sent a messenger there to make inquiries, and her benefactor I never saw again, for he met his death on his way east from California. I fancy he would not have told me the story of his life, but I shall always wonder if the name we carried on our books was the one he had carried in his youth."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

They Are All Consins.

Every crowned head of Europe, with the exception of that of Turkey, is descended from one of two sisters, the daughters of Duke Ludwig Rudolf of Brunswick-Wolfenbuetel, who lived about 170 years ago.—Golden Days.

Reward of \$20,000 Offered.

A wealthy lady recently lost a satchel containing jewels worth \$150,000, and now offers a reward of \$20,000 cash to the finder. The loss of health is far more serious than the loss of jewels, and yet it can be recovered without paying big rewards. A little money invested in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will restore strength to the weak, purify the blood, establish regularity of the bowels and help the stomach to properly digest the food taken into it.

Sound Logic.

Old Gentleman—Seven dollars for a pair of eyeglasses? I can't see it, sir. Optician—Of course not, sir. If you would you wouldn't need them.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Very Low Rates Via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.

Semi-monthly excursions to the southwest. The greatest opportunity to visit Texas, the Empire state of the Union, paralleled as to resources and products and with an area exceeding all the Eastern and Middle States. The statistical reports of products, as compiled by the commissioners of Texas, indicate this section as having the greatest possible advantages in its mild and equable climate and in the variety and productivity of its soil. For further information, descriptive pamphlets and dates of excursions, apply to H. F. Bowsher, Dist. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

A Reason.

She—I don't see why they can't let the women vote? He—Because, my dear, they are trying to keep it a secret ballot.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the ugliness of those who say so generally goes to the backbone.—Town Topics.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickett, Van Stien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

While you are hoping for better things it is just as well to keep those you have in good repair.—Puck.

Stiff as a poker—sore as a boil? St. Jacobs Oil will relax, soothe, cure.

The work of a carriage wheel never begins until it's tired.—Chicago Daily News.

Ever thus—heirs to aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil's the doctor.

The little dog always tries to bark as big as he can.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Damp weather brings Rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil brings the cure, promptly.

The most of man's contentment is due to his ignorance.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 30.	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common	\$2 00
Selected prime	3 25
CALVES—Fair to good light	5 50
HOGS—Coarse and heavy	3 00
Light	3 75
Sheep—Common	2 00
Choice	2 50
LAMB—Woolly	2 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	75
No. 3 red	70
Corn—No. 2 mixed	37 1/2
Oats—No. 2	31
Rye—No. 2	65
Hay—Prime to choice	11 00
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	11 50
Lard	5 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	11
APPLES—Choice to fancy	3 25
POTATOES—Per bbl.	1 25
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 60
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	76
No. 3 Chicago spring	68
CORN—No. 2 mixed	43 1/2
OATS—No. 2	37 1/2
PORK—Mess	10 35
LARD—Steam	5 75
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	3 25
GRAIN—Family wheat	80 1/2
Southern—Wheat	75
Corn—Mixed	41
Oats—No. 2 white	35 1/2
Rye—No. 2 Western	40
CATTLE—First quality	4 25
HOGS—Western	4 10
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	3 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	74
Corn—Mixed	40 1/2
Oats—No. 2	35 1/2
PORK—Mess	10 00
LARD—Steam	5 3 1/2

NEVER IMITATED QUALITY.

SYRUP OF FIGS

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.



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THANKFUL TO MRS. PINKHAM.

Earnest Words From Women Who Have Been Relieved of Backache

—Mrs. Pinkham Warns Against Neglect.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been thankful a thousand times, since I wrote you, for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I followed your advice carefully, and now I feel like a different person. My troubles were backache, headache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation and leucorrhea.

I took four bottles of Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am now well. I thank you again for the good you have done for me.—ELLA E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio.

Great numbers of such letters as the above are constantly being received by Mrs. Pinkham from women who owe their health and happiness to her advice and medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Her advice is offered free to all suffering women who are puzzled about themselves.

If you have backache don't neglect it, or try heroically to "work it down," you must reach the root of the trouble, and nothing will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Backache is accompanied by a lot of other aches and wearying sensations, but they nearly always come from the same source. Remove the cause of these distressing things, and you become well and strong. Mrs. S. J. SWANSON, of Gibson City, Ill., tells her experience in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your medicine I was troubled with headache and my back ached so that I could not rest. Your medicine is the best I have ever used; it has relieved me of my troubles, and I feel like myself again. Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham."

"I would advise any one troubled with female weakness to take your medicine. I shall also recommend it wherever I can as a great reliever of pain."

A Million Women Have Been Benefitted by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine

ASK everybody you know to save their tin tags for you

The Tin Tags taken from Horseshoe, "J. T.," Cross Bow, Good Luck—and Drummond Natural Leaf—will pay for any one or all of this list of desirable and useful things—and you have your good chewing tobacco besides.

Every man, woman and child in America can find something on this list that they would like to have and can have—FREE!

Write your name and address plainly and send every tag you can get to us—mentioning the number of the present you want. Any assortment of the different kinds of tags mentioned above will be accepted as follows:

TAGS	TAGS
1 Match Box, quaint design, imported from Japan.	19 Alarm Clock, nickel, warranted.
2 Knives, one large, good quality.	20 Carvers, buckhorn handle, good.
3 Scissors, 4 1/2-inch, good steel.	21 Six Rogers' Teaspoons, best qual.
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon.	22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handles.
5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal.	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer.
6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel.	24 Stove, Wilson Heater, size No. 30 or No. 40.
7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best quality.	25 Tool Set, not playthings, but real tools.
8 Sugar Bowl, sterling silver.	26 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome.
9 Soap Dish, sterling silver.	27 Watch, solid silver, full jeweled, all attachments.
10 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades.	28 Sewing Machine, first class, with less, stub twist.
11 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch blade.	29 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl.
12 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel.	30 Rifle, Winchester, 16-shot, 22-cal. 1500.
13 Nut Set, cracker and 6 Picks, silver.	31 Shot Gun, double barrel, hammerless, stub twist.
14 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch.	32 Guitar (Washburn), rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl.
15 Tooth Brush, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch.	33 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or men's.
16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch.	BOOKS—30 choice selections—same as last year's list, 40 tags each.
17 Base Ball, "Association," best quality.	
18 Watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed good time keeper.	

This offer expires November 30, 1899.

Address all your Tags and the correspondence about them to DRUMMOND BRANCH, St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT BRINGS RELEASE FROM DIRT AND GREASE? WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW?

SAPOLIO

FOR 14 CENTS. We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer 1 Pkg. Early Ripe Cabbage, 10c. 1 Pkg. Early Ripe Cabbage, 10c. 1 Pkg. Long Light's Cucumber, 10c. 1 Pkg. Early Ripe Cabbage, 10c. 1 Pkg. California Fig Tomato, 10c. 1 Pkg. Early Dinner Onion, 10c. 1 Pkg. Brilliant Flower Seeds, 10c. Worth \$1.00, for 14 cents, \$1.00. Above 10 pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice & 14c. postage. We want you to realize and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. Onion Seed 6c. and up to a Potatoes 10c. and up to a Bibb Catalog alone 5c. No. 1.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

NEVER IMITATED QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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OMAR KHAYYAM.

Deep in the spring their empty pitcher dips,
Days where of old a thousand sorrows fell.
Forget not, while the gurgling water slips,
Lightly from earthen throats, the silent well.
—Arthur J. Stringer in Bookman.

ISOTHERMS.

Sketch About Isothermic Maps That
Are Rarely Learned at School.

Here are some definitions of isotherms
that appear in American textbooks of
geography:

"Those lines which are drawn through
places with an equal average of temper-
ature are called isotherms."

"Isotherms are lines connecting
places having the same mean tempera-
ture for particular periods, as the whole
of the year, the winter or summer
months, etc."

"If upon a map all places having
the same mean temperature are con-
nected by lines, such lines are called
isothermal lines or simple isotherms."

These definitions are part of the
frank, but not the whole of it. It may
not be a great calamity, but the fact is
that most boys and girls leave school
with a misconception as to what an
isotherm is, and they rarely find out in
later years.

They all know that two elements,
latitude and altitude, are the main fac-
tors in determining the mean tempera-
ture of a place; that the farther a
place is from the equator and the higher
it stands above sea level the cooler its
climate is. But they do not know that
isothermic maps take into account only
one of these elements, and that is lati-
tude. They eliminate the influence of
altitude. The isotherm passing over the
top of Pike's peak does not show the
mean temperature at the summit of the
mountain, but what the mean tempera-
ture would be in that immediate neigh-
borhood if the land, instead of rising
high above the sea, stood at the level of
Coney Island.

Do you see the reason for this? It
may be easily explained. Most of the
land does not rise so high above the sea
that the temperature is greatly affected
by altitude. To the majority of man-
kind altitude is a far more important
climatic element than altitude. Now,
the effects on temperature of both lati-
tude and altitude cannot well be shown
on one map, and isothermic maps were
designed to show the effects of latitude
and some other element, such as posi-
tion near the sea or in the far interior.

An isothermic line, therefore, does not
show the actual mean temperature of a
place on it unless that place is at sea
level. But it is easy to deduce from the
isotherm the actual mean temperature
of a place, if we know its elevation
above the sea. How this is done is very
clearly explained by Dr. H. R. Mill,
the British geographer, as follows:

"The air grows cooler by 1 degree F.
for every 270 feet of elevation above
sea level, but isothermic lines show the
sea level temperature. In using isother-
mic maps we must therefore remember
that places 600 feet above the sea level
have a temperature 2 degrees lower
than the isotherms indicate; places
6,000 feet above the sea, 22 degrees
lower; those 12,000 feet above the sea,
44 degrees lower, and the mountain
slopes 18,000 feet above the sea no less
than 66 degrees lower than the sea level
temperature shown by the isotherms.
This accounts for the fact that none of
the important towns in the temperate
zones is situated more than 2,000 feet
above the sea, while in the tropics they
are built at great elevations as 8,000
or 10,000 feet."

Weather charts are an exception to
this rule. They record the actual
thermometrical readings at the points
of observation.—New York Sun.

William Black's Characters.

Sir Weyss Reid notes that William
Black seldom allowed himself to be
drawn into conversation about his work.
One of Reid's recollections runs thus:
"One day, in the faroff past, I was
walking along the sea front with Black,
at Brighton, when he said abruptly and
with reference to nothing that had been
passing between us: 'We are not all en-
gaged in running away with other
men's wives. There are some of us who
are not the victims of mental disease or
moral deformity. I do not even know
that anybody of my acquaintance has
committed a murder or a forgery. Yet
people are angry with me because I do
not make my characters in my books
odious in this fashion. I prefer to write
about sane people and honest people,
and I imagine that they are, after all,
in a majority in the world.'"

Some Went to Glory.

I once asked a district nurse, says a
writer in The Cornhill Magazine, how
the various sick cases had been going on
during my absence from the parish. At
once the look which I knew so well
crossed her face, but her natural pro-
fessional pride strove for the mastery
with the due unctuousness which she
considered necessary for the occasion.
At last she evolved the following strange
mixture, "Middling well, sir; some of
'em's gone straight to glory, but I am
glad to say others are nicely on the
mend."

Starting Him Right.

"Ah!" sighed the sentimental youth.
"Would that I might install a senti-
ment in your loyal heart."
"Sir," interrupted the practical
maid, "I'd have you understand that
my heart is no installment concern."
—Chicago News.

Distinctions.

"Did our friend retire from politics?"
"Well," answered the practical work-
er, "it wasn't what you'd call a 're-
tire.' It was a 'knockout.'—Washing-
ton Star.

The chief ingredients in the com-
position of those qualities that gain es-
teem and praise are good nature, truth,
good sense and good breeding.

The skins of animals were the earliest
forms of money. Sheep and oxen among
the old Romans took the place of money.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Dolce far niente—a sweet doing nothing.
I shall pin that to the catalogue of
memory pictures painted here."
She looked up at him and laughed. She
always laughed. Their eyes met, then
parted, and a vague sense of anticipated
loss came to him with the realization of
her near departure.

The mystic beauty of the twinkle hushed
them into unvoiced silence, and the
tinkle of the sheep and cow bells rhymed
into reminiscent memories, thoughts of
other days, when they had watched the
sun fade away in the west. The fields,
whose greenness was accentuated by lines
of red Virginia soil, guarded by deeper
green fir trees silhouetted, tall and sen-
tinellike, in the far background, seemed
to be softly waiting for the coming night.

"You will forget all this. As for me, I
will only be one more in your collection,"
he smiled, evidently a willing victim.
"Collection—of sticks?" she interroga-
ted laughingly.

"You are unkind," he protested.
"You think then my remembrance of a
very charming winter, like pricked bub-
bles, will vanish into space?"

Her face flushed, and a shadow deepened
her brown eyes. He was looking intently
at a number of holes punched in the sand
with her parasol. She caught her breath
as she crushed the laces of her gown
against her side—a characteristic gesture
—then she went on: "We've seen each
other every day, if only for a few moments,
during nearly two months, meeting with
perfect frankness and, I thought, frien-
dship. If it has all been insincere, I'll
forget." "Insincere?" He leaned near,
saying softly: "You have made me too
much, but in the north there will be
other interests in your life, crowding me
out, until I shall fade into the dim cor-
ridors of the past."

She noted the square, strong chin and
mouth and the little wrinkles that caught
around the smiling eyes. He could thus
lightly toss aside the recollection of drives,
of wheeling down shaded country roads,
which were, he had said, "like a benedic-
tion," and the evenings when he sang with
delicate insinuation and emphasis about
"you, dear," and "love." All these
thoughts pricked her mind. If she could
only forget him!

She rose.
"Really, you seem most insistent to be-
come merely a polka dot in my memory.
Don't you think, even then, I could al-
ways spot you?"

Her companion groaned.
"Just if you must, but stay, ah, stay,
fair lady, on this perfect day! I promise
to do anything, say anything, if you will
not go."

"You waxed quite poetical," sweetly.
"There is the silver moon for the second
verse."

"Thanks for the suggestion," rather
stiffly.

"Come. My hostess will think I am
lost."

"When a woman will, she will."

He reluctantly followed. They walked
home through the spiky, fragrant pines,
whose melancholy sighing filled them
both with an undefined sadness.

"This must be goodbye. I leave on the
early train tomorrow and never see people
at the station. It makes me blue."

She stood on the steps with one hand
extended. The stars flashed brightly, and
the faint moon cast a soft light over her.
Looking up at the little rebellious curls
blown about under the wide, black hat, he
felt an irresistible desire to touch them,
but only raised her hand to his lips.

"Aufwiedersehn. You have given me
many happy days, and I shall always think
of you in this lavender gown, the violets
and these saucy, nodding feathers—just as
you stand. You will surely come back—
to us?"

"Perhaps."

Being a woman, she could not cry to
him, but must stifle the pain and drift
out of her life. One's heart does not
break in these modern days.

Smiling bravely, she went wearily up
the steps, then paused. Taking a few of
the violets, she kissed them and, turning,
called to him. He came back.

Somewhat confused, she pinned them
on his coat.

"They really belong to you," she ex-
plained.

The moon was hidden, and he could not
see how pale she had grown. Going to her
room, she took down a photograph, softly
whispering, "To have loved and lost!"

Both hands suddenly pressed against her
heart, and the tears blindly fell unheeded
as she sobbed on.

He, too, went to his room to ponder.
He knew he would miss her. She had
been so jolly, always ready for a dance or
a ride, knowing his favorite music and
songs. Now that was all over. Rummag-
ing through his desk, he finally found a
little package of notes. Leaning back in
the deep chair, he carefully removed the
elastic around them and leisurely read
over the lines. Out from the sheets of one
fluttered a withered violet. It fell unno-
ticed to the floor. In another he found a
tiny spray of jasmine. She had worn a
great bunch of it one night. This spray he
had begged for and had been denied until
the next morning, when his request was
granted with a few parting words. They
had been at the opera, and under the
magic of the music he looked into her
eyes, startled by their deep intensity. He
could see them now. How really dear she
was! Ah, well, she would come again.
He replaced the notes, struck a match,
carefully held it to a cigar and unfolded
the evening paper.—St. Louis Star.

Literary Interpretation.

The following incident occurred in the
Evansville high school: A teacher of litera-
ture was discussing with her class the
beautiful description of a day in June in
the "Vision of Sir Launfal." When they
came to the lines—

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass or flowers

—the teacher tried to find out whether or
not the pupils understood what the "stir
of might" was. Various opinions were
advanced, but none of them was satisfac-
tory. Finally a bright thought seemed to
strike a little boy. His hand went up
gleefully, and he almost shouted, "I be-
lieve it was a worm!"—Inland Educator.

A Monster Statue.

In Japan is the Kotokuni monastery,
which was one of the many erected by the
shogun Thoru about 737 A. D. The
image outside the monastery represents
Kachia, was made of bronze in the year
and is 50 feet high, 18 feet in waist
and has a face over 8 feet long,
an eye 4 feet, an ear nearly 7 feet, a mouth
over 2 feet broad and a nose 4 feet long.
The circumference of the thumb is over 3
feet.

MARIE'S CHOICE.

Years since there was in the city of St.
Petersburg a young girl so beautiful and
lovely that the greatest prince of Europe
had met her even in a peasant's hut
might well have turned his back upon
princesses to offer her his hand and throne;
but, far from having seen the light in a
peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow
of the proudest throne on earth. It
was Marie Nicolowna, the adored daugh-
ter of the emperor of Russia. As her fa-
ther saw her blooming like the May flower
and sought for her all the heirs of royalty
he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest
and the most powerful of them and with
the smile of a father and a king said to
her:

"My child, you are now of an age to
marry, and I have chosen for you the
prince who will make you a queen and the
man who will render you happy."

"The man who will render me happy,"
stammered the blushing princess, with a
sigh, which was the only objection to
which her heart gave utterance. "Speak,
father," she said as she saw a frown gather-
ing on the brow of the czar, "speak, and
your majesty shall be obeyed!"

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the emperor,
trembling for the first time in his life. "Is
it, then, only an act of obedience that
you will receive a husband from my
hands?"

The young girl was silent and concealed
a tear.

"Is your faith already pledged?"

"Yes, father—if I must tell you—my
heart is no longer my own. It is bestowed
upon a young man who knows it not and
who shall never know it if such be your
wish. He has seen me but two or three
times at a distance, and we will never
speak to each other if your majesty forbids
it."

The emperor was silent in his turn. He
grew pale. Three times he made the cir-
cuit of the salon. He durst not ask the
name of the young man.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, father."

The emperor fell back into an armchair
and hid his face in his hands, like Agamem-
non at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Where shall I see him?" said the czar,
rising, with a threatening aspect.

"Tomorrow at the review."

"How shall I recognize him?" deman-
ded the czar, with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume and black steed."

"This well. Go, my daughter, and pray
God have pity upon the man!"

The princess withdrew in a fainting
condition, and the emperor was soon lost
in thought.

"A childish caprice," he said at length.

"I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She
will forget it," and his lips dared not ut-
ter what his heart added. "It must be,
for all my power would be weaker than
her tears."

On the following day, at the review, the
czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a
glance, sought and saw in his battalions
naught else than a green plume and a black
charger.

He recognized in him who wore the one
and rode the other a simple colonel of the
Bavarian light horse—Maximilian Joseph
Eugene Auguste Beaufarnais, the duke
of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the
son of Josephine, who was for a brief time
empress of France, and of Auguste Ame-
lia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph of Ba-
varia, an admirable cavalier in truth, but
as far inferior then to Marie Nicolowna as
is a common soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible?" said the czar to himself
as he sent for the colonel, with the design
of sending him to Munich. But at the
moment when he was about to crush him
with a word he stopped at the sight of his
daughter fainting in her calash. "There
is no longer a doubt," thought the czar;
"tis indeed he."

And, turning his back upon the stupefied
stranger, he returned with Marie to the
imperial palace.

For six weeks all that prudence, tem-
pered with love and severity, could inspire
was essayed to destroy the image of the
colonel in the heart of the princess. At the
end of the first week she was resigned; at
the end of the second she wept; at the end
of the third she wept in public; at the end
of the fourth she wished to sacrifice her-
self to her father; at the end of the fifth
she was dying. Meanwhile the colonel,
seeing himself in disgrace at the court of
his host without daring to confess to him-
self the cause, did not wait for his dis-
missal to return to his regiment. He was
on the point of setting out for Munich
when an aid-de-camp of the czar came for
him.

"I should have met you yesterday," he
said to himself. "I might have avoided
what awaits me. At the first flash save
yourself from the thunderbolt."

He was ushered into the cabinet where
kings only are allowed to enter. The em-
peror was pale, and his eye was moist, but
his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel Duke," said he, enveloping
and penetrating him with a glance, "you
are one of the handsomest officers in Eu-
rope. It is said also—and I believe it is
true—that you possess an elevated mind, a
thorough education, a lively taste for the
arts, a noble heart and a loyal character.
What think you of the grand duchess, my
daughter, Marie Nicolowna?"

"The Princess Marie, sire!" exclaimed
he, reading at last his own heart without
daring to read that of the czar. "Your an-
ger would crush me if I told you what I
think of her, and I should die of joy if you
permitted it."

"You love her—'tis well!" resumed the
czar, with a benignant smile, and the
royal hand from which the duke was
awaiting the thunderbolt delivered to the
colonel the brevet of general aide-de-camp
of the emperor, the brevet of commandant
of the cavalry, of the guards, of the regi-
ment of hussars, of chief of the corps of
cadets and of mining engineers, of presi-
dent of the Academy of Arts and member
of the Academy of Sciences of the univer-
sities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of
Kasan, of the council of the military
schools, etc., all this with the title of im-
perial highness and several millions of
revenues.

"You see that I also love my daughter,"
said the father, pressing his son-in-law in
his arms.—Cincinnati Post.

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other will be relieved, the blood more
thoroughly oxygenated and the tone of the
whole system wonderfully improved.—
Boston Post.

Merely an Illustration.

"Pa, what's a poem-maker?"
"Mrs. Flower's poet door. Every
time she gets a new brook your mother has
to have a better one."—Chicago Record.

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